

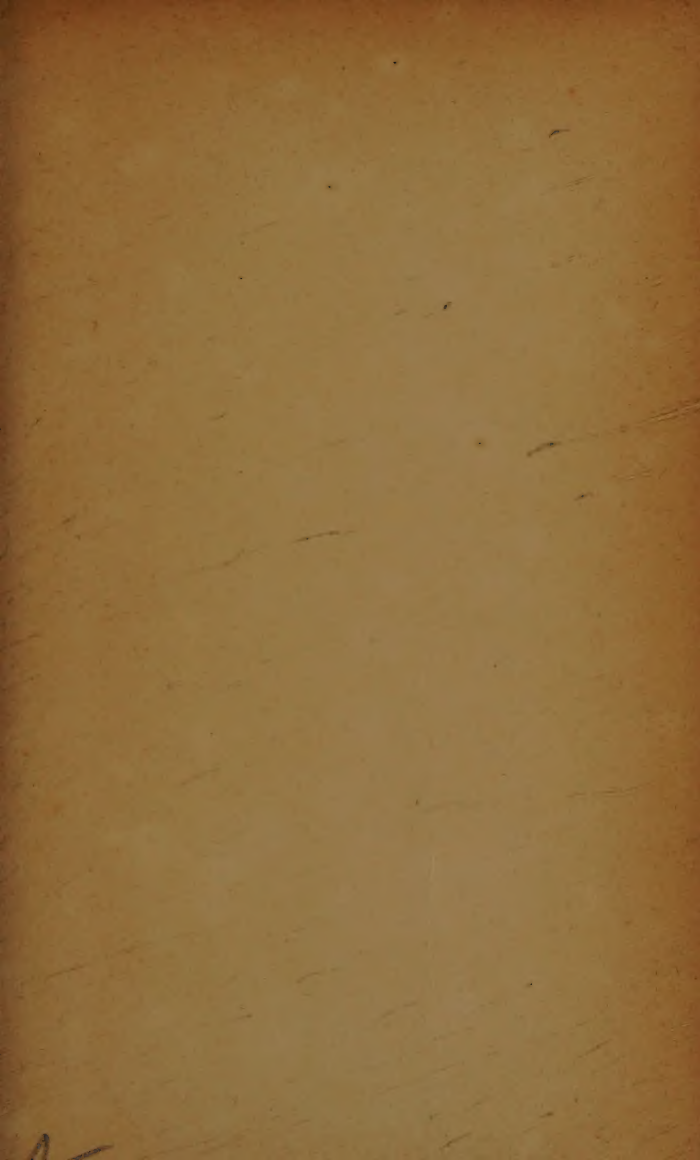
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TWO PLAYS

EURIPIDES



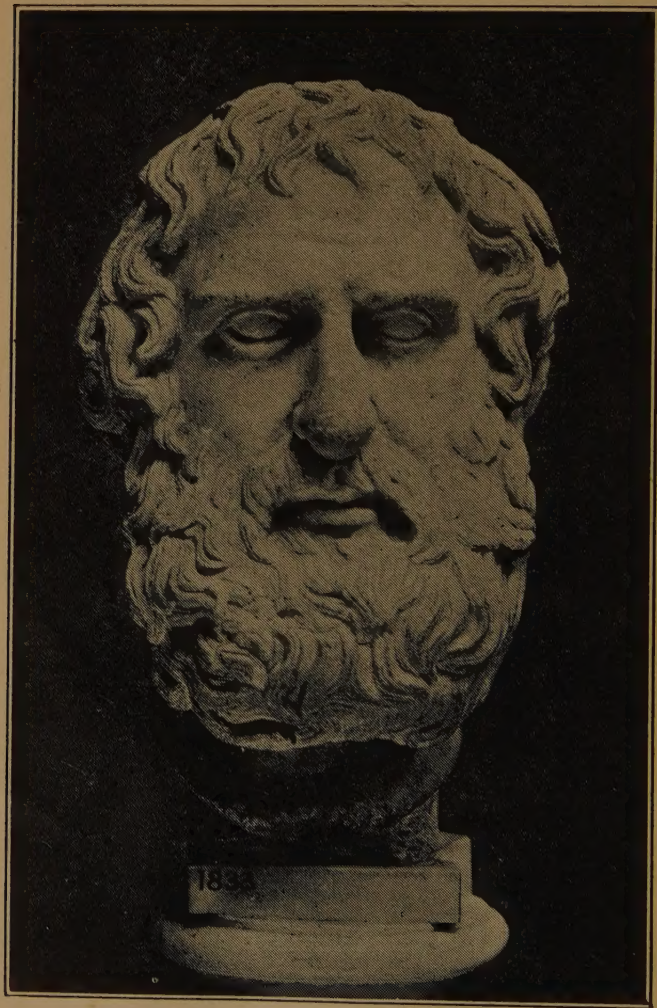


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IPHIGENIA

TWO PLAYS

BY

EURIPIDES

ENGLISH BY

C. B. BONNER, M.A.

(Trinity College, Cambridge)

LONDON:

WATTS & CO.

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FOREWORD

IN preparing this version of two of the most famous of the Plays of Euripides the aim has been to provide a plain, straightforward rendering, specially suitable for use in schools and by Amateur Dramatic Societies. With this end in view the Translator has broken up the Chorus (always the bugbear of the producer) into prose dialogue—a sacrilege, no doubt, from the point of view of literature, but a step which his experience of amateur dramatics has proved to be well justified by the result. Then, too, it will be seen that he has not hesitated to abandon the somewhat stilted style of his predecessors, and has produced a version in everyday English, which, without detracting any the more from the magnificence of the original, intensifies the dramatic value of the situations and the impressiveness of the ideas conveyed. Those in search of meticulous scholarship, of elegant verse, of a strictly literal translation, will be disappointed; but those for whom this edition is primarily intended will not be disposed to quarrel with the innovation.

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IPHIGENIA IN AULIS

A Drama by

EURIPIDES (480-405 B.C.)

FIRST PRODUCED AT ATHENS *circa* 405 B.C.

(Imitated by Racine, A.D. 1674; subject of an Opera by
Glück, AD. 1774)

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

AGAMEMNON, King of Mycenae and of Argos, son of Atreus (Atrides); a tall, dark, bearded man in the prime of life, dressed firstly in long chiton and cloak, later in full armour.

AN OLD MAN, formerly slave of Tyndarus of Sparta, now in the service of Agamemnon; grey hair, full beard, dressed in a coarse, drab, short chiton and cloak.

CHORUS, six (any number from four to forty may replace the ancient Greek chorus of 30-40 dancers and singers)] young women of Chalcis (a town on the island of Euboea), dressed in peplos and mantles of varying sizes and colours, but of similar design.

MENELAUS, King of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon, and husband of Helen; golden-haired, florid, burly, not so tall as his brother; dressed in short chiton and short cloak, later fully armed.

A MAN from Mycenae, in the service of Clytemnestra. Dress, slave's chiton in bright colours.

CLYTEMNESTRA, daughter of Tyndarus, sister of Helen, and wife of Agamemnon ; a woman of thirty, of striking appearance. Dress, full peplos and an ample mantle, covering head and body to the knees, designs in bright colours on white.

ORESTES, a little boy, youngest child and only son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra ; dressed in short chiton and cloak.

IPHIGENIA, a girl of 13-14 years of age, eldest daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, fair-haired. Simple peplos and cloak, simple patterns on white.

ATTENDANTS of Clytemnestra : men dressed in short chitons and coarse cloaks ; women in simple peplos and mantles.

ACHILLES, son of Peleus (Pelides), leader of the Myrmidons of Phthia, long, curling, golden hair and short beard, the perfect athlete ; at first partly armed, later fully armed.

AN ARGIVE SOLDIER, messenger from Agamemnon to Clytemnestra ; leather armour and helmet, plain short sword and lance, round buckler.

Achaian warriors, in arms.

Sacrificial procession—Calchas, the seer (high linen hat, long chiton, long cloak) ; Odysseus and other Achaian leaders in full panoply of war.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS

The scene is the same throughout.

AULIS by the sea. Left, entrance to Agamemnon's house, a wall with a gateway formed by two great blocks of stone sloping inwards and surmounted by a third, a door of timber covered with hides and studded with bronze nails. Right, a few twisted trees leading to the grove of Artemis. Background of rocky land rising from the shore of the strait Euripus, on whose western bank Aulis stands. On the opposite bank is Chalcis (i.e., on the other side of the audience).

It is shortly before dawn. Agamemnon comes out of the gateway.

AGA. Come out, old friend ; leave the door.

OLD MAN (off). I am coming, my master ; I am coming, King Agamemnon. What are the cares and pains that can keep a king awake and stirring ?

AGA. You will soon know.

O.M. (off). Quickly I am coming. (*He enters.*) I am too old for sleep, yet my eyes are still keen.

AGA. Tell me what star it is that twinkles brightly in the profound blue sky.

O.M. It is Sirius, high risen through the night, riding beside the Seven.

AGA. The birds are silent ; the sea is smooth and dumb. Even the breeze over Euripus has hushed its sighs.

O.M. Yet Agamemnon leaves his hall and bed.

In Aulis serene sleep holds her quiet reign, and the still sentinels keep watch and ward. Let us go in !

AGA. Old man, I envy your lot. I envy all who pass their lives in safety, secure from danger, hidden from the world, and unknown to fame. The cares of kings are not to be coveted.

O.M. Kingship is a prize, a post of dignity.

AGA. A precarious post, vexed by rivalry. The pursuit of glory is a joy, but its possession is anxious pain. The Gods do not forgive neglect, and their doom is ruin. The harsh demands of men wear out the hours, and the mind has no peace.

O.M. Such words disgrace a king. The son of Atreus was not born for peace and untroubled prosperity. You are a man, and must take joy and sorrow as they come. No matter what you wish, the will of God cannot be altered. I saw you light the lamp and write by its light the letter which you still bear in your hand. Twice you wrote it, twice sealed it, but opened it again ; then dashed it to the ground, and wept as if overwhelmed by grief. O royal master, what trouble burdens you ? Speak plainly to me, a man tried and true, whom Tyndarus, in years gone by, sent with your wife to Mycenae.

AGA. You came with my wife, the daughter of Leda. Phoebe and Helen were her sisters—Helen whom all the princes of Achaia wooed, swearing threats of vengeance if they wooed in vain. Tyndarus knew not how to choose her husband. He made the princes swear an oath, pledging their right hands to each other as they poured wine on the flames of the sacrifice. They swore if any dared seize the bride the chosen groom should have their aid, to come in arms and raze the robber's city to the ground. When they

all had sworn, old Tyndarus bade his daughter choose the one she loved. She chose—oh that she had never chosen—Menelaus.

The Phrygian Paris, judge, so they say, between the beauties of Olympus, came to Sparta, tricked out with gold and oriental dyes, gawdy with barbaric elegance. He made love to her and she accepted him, and he bore her away to distant Ida's woods. He stole lovely Helen; in her husband's absence stole her. Menelaus went raving through Achaia, calling on the kings of Hellas to fulfil their vows and avenge his wrong. The Argive kin answered with multitudes of men and chariots and ships, which are gathered here in Aulis. For their captain they chose me, Agamemnon of Mycenae, son of Atreus, doing grace to Menelaus, my brother. I would their choice had fallen on another!

Here we stay at Aulis, waiting in vain to sail; the captains fret angrily in their quarters, and our hearts are weighed down with gloom. Now the arch-priest Calchas declares that Artemis, goddess of this land, demands a sacrifice. The victim must be my eldest daughter, Iphigenia. Then shall the winds be kind and bear us swiftly over the sea to Troy, whose towers shall crumble before us. If the victim is refused, these things shall be refused us. I bade Talthybius, the herald, take his trumpet and announce throughout the host the order to disperse to their homes, for I would never kill my daughter. No, not for any god. My brother pleaded with me. I was persuaded to dreadful things. I wrote, and despatched, a letter to my wife. She should send her daughter here to Aulis to be wed to Achilles. I spoke in highest terms of Thetis' son; declared he would not sail with

us to Troy until his bride had been brought him thither. My wife believed too readily the lie of marriage for her daughter. None, save Calchas, Menelaus, and Odysseus (*fearfully*), knew a word of this. In this letter (*shows the scroll in his hand*) which you saw me write just now I cancel my command, and painfully undo what they bent me to. Take this letter, and go with all speed to Argos. As you are faithful to my wife and true to me, I will repeat the message.

O.M. Read it, my lord, that my words may tally with your writing.

AGA. (*Reads.*) "Daughter of Leda, no matter what commands my former letter gave you, do not, I pray you, send our child to Aulis in Eubœia. Not until another year shall her marriage be celebrated."

O.M. Achilles will be wroth to lose his promised bride. Are you not afraid of that?

AGA. We used his name, but nothing more. Achilles has not heard a word of marriage with my daughter.

O.M. O King of men, was it not rash and perilous to name your daughter the promised bride of Achilles in order to lure her here for sacrifice for Achaia?

AGA. Madness grips me—the madness of hell! Go, go; forget your age and be swift.

O.M. I go, lord.

AGA. (*distractedly*). Do not stop upon the way for drink, or shade, or sleep.

O.M. The Gods forbend!

AGA. Where the track forks, look round and watch lest the swift chariot that conveys my daughter towards the navies of Achaia pass you by unseen.

O.M. I shall not fail.

AGA. If you meet them, turn their horses back towards Mycenae. Go ! stay no longer here.

O.M. How shall I make your queen believe me ?

AGA. Take the seal with which I marked the letter. Go ! the white light of morning heralds the fiery steeds of day. May you help me in my need ! (*Despondently.*) No man is happy to the end ; to each there comes his hour of pain.

As Agamemnon says the last words the old man hurries off R. up stage. The dawn changes from grey to rose. Agamemnon goes back into the house. The rose passes to gold.

The Chorus, a number of young women from Chalcis, who have just landed on the shore near by, enter (R. front). They come gaily on in ones and twos, letting down their kilted skirts, as they come up from the boats, and otherwise preening themselves. They have come to see the assembled armies of Achaia. One of them acts as a leader.

C. 1. Now, gay companions, we tread the sun-bathed sands of sea-washed Aulis. We have crossed narrow Euripus and left our native Chalcis yonder (*points across the audience*), where silver Arethusa rushes to the shore.

C. 2. The heroes' camp, the serried ships of war, oh where are they ?

C. 3. The myriad galleys in Aulis bay, that wait to sail against Troy (*point L. front*) ; the men at arms from all the countries of Achaia, which, our husbands say (*points L. and R.*), royal Agamemnon leads to avenge his brother, bright-haired Menelaus, for the theft of golden Helen his bride.

C. 1. Paris stole her away. Aphrodite gave her to him as a gift. On Ida's slopes, at the dewy fountain's

brink, Heré, the Queen of Heaven, Pallas and Cypris, contended for the prize of beauty. Paris was the judge. In radiance divine the rival goddesses strove for the shepherd's approval. Cypris won the day. She gave Paris Helen as a gift, and he took her away.

C. 4. I seek the holy grove of Artemis, where in the light of the full moon the victim's blood spurts forth in sacrifice to the Virgin Huntress. Let us cross it with speed.

C. 5. I feel the warm blood racing o'er my cheek—the joy of youth. I burn to see the lines of tents, the towering crests and neighing steeds, the warriors in their pride.

C. 6. In one tent's shelter Ajax, the son of Oileus, sits beside the giant Ajax, son of Telamon. They play at draughts with Protesilaus.

C. 4. Palamedes of the race of Poseidon casts the discus with Diomed. What a throw was that ! Merion joins them—a true hero, beautiful to see and graceful to watch.

C. 5. That is Odysseus, prince of Ithaca, whose craggy shores cast shadows on the sea. There goes Nireus, loveliest of Argive men.

C. 2. Achilles, whom the goddess Thetis bore—Achilles, pupil of old Chiron the Centaur, clad in polished harness of war, speeds across the strand. Eumelus of Pherae drives a chariot before him. I hear him call to the beautiful horses. Their bits are embossed with gold, and those that bear the yoke are dapple grey. Those on either side that bear the rein are pure white. Pelides runs swifter than the chariot. Stones are flung up by the hooves and the wheels, but Achilles, gleaming in armour of brass, runs past them.

C. 3. I turn to behold the beaked ships in the bay, a vast and glorious sight. On the right ride fifty gallant vessels that bear in sculptured gold upon their prows the device of Achilles, the fleet of the Myrmidons from distant Phthia.

C. 1. As numerous are the ships of Argos which you may see next them. Then come the powers of Talaides, and of Sthenelus the bold. Beyond them are the galleys of Athens, sixty in number, in charge of the son of Theseus. On each prow a statue of Pallas glows in bright colours.

C. 4. The warriors of Boeotia have come in fifty ships. Each bears at the prow a Cadmus in gold with a dragon in his hands. Their leader is Leitus, whose forefathers sprang all armed from the furrowed earth.

C. 3. That is the fleet from Phocis, and yonder is the array of Ajax, son of Oileus. His men come from Locris—from the plain of illustrious Thonion.

C. 6. Ah, look : from the lofty towers of Mycenae, whose walls the Cyclops raised, Atrides has led his powers. What are their numbers ? A hundred ships, I vow.

C. 5. I have seen the wronged chieftain of Sparta by his brother's side in friendly wise, Menelaus, whom Helen betrayed, and whom Achaia will avenge.

C. 2. Yon vessel, on whose bows a bull is carved which seems to spurn the sands, leads the fleet from Pylos, whose king is famous Nestor the Old. The twelve that are anchored beside them are from the storm-swept coast of Aenia. Beyond them are the chiefs of Elis, the brave Epeans.

C. 1. Next them the ships from Taphos led by Meges ; skilled sailors are they who sail that dangerous shore.

C. 4. Last in station sweep the swift boats of Ajax of Salamis. How gallantly they ride the waves !

C. 5. Should the barbarian dare to meet Achaia's war array, he will sink shattered beneath the blue Aegean. His warriors will return no more to the shores of Troas.

C. 6. I have heard, I have seen. Never shall my memory lose an hour of this day, nor a sound, nor a scene, when I shall once more have reached Chalcis and home.

Enter from the right Menelaus and the Old Servant struggling for Agamemnon's letter. The Chorus take up positions in a semicircle as naturally as possible.

O.M. You do me wrong, King Menelaus ; you do me wrong.

MEN. Bah ! you should be faithful to your lords.

O.M. To be faithful is my honour and my pride. Cast it not in my teeth !

MEN. And should you fail in duty, you shall rue it.

O.M. You should not seize the letter which my king entrusted to my care.

MEN. You should not bear a letter that betrays us all.

O.M. That is not my concern. Leave me the scroll.

MEN. I will not let it go.

O.M. Nor I yield it.

MEN. I will beat your head in with my staff.

O.M. Sweet is death for my trust.

MEN. Let go ! Shall a slave struggle with a king !
(*Agamemnon comes out of the house.*)

O.M. O master ! we are wronged. He has wrested your letter from me by force—a shameless man !

AGA. What means this indecent tumult at my door ?

O.M. Hear me, my lord ; I have the greater right.

AGA. Why, Menelaus, are you so violent with him ?

MEN. Look me in the face, if you dare ; then shall I speak.

AGA. No gaze does Agamemnon, son of Atreus, fear.

MEN. (*Showing scroll.*) You see this scroll that contains treasonable commands.

AGA. I see it. Surrender it without delay !

MEN. Not till all the Achaians know what is writ therein.

AGA. You *opened* it, and learned what you should not know !

MEN. That cuts you to the quick, showing your cowardly baseness.

AGA. Where did you steal it ? O Zeus ! had you no *shame* ?

MEN. I watched the way from Argos awaiting the coming of your daughter.

AGA. Spying ! Had you *no* shame ?

MEN. I do as I will ; I am no slave of yours.

AGA. Must I ask leave from you to give orders to my own household ?

MEN. You do not know your own mind, and change with the passing moment.

AGA. Aye, you are clever with your tongue ; but hark, the serpent's tongue is hated as the plague.

MEN. The wavering mind is the coward's mark, and a warning to your friends. I shall expose you, and should you, through pride, turn from the truth, little shall be your praise. You remember how, when seeking the command of all the Achaians, you affected to care nothing, though most ardently you desired it. How humble you were ! Greeting all, and keeping open door and board to great and mean alike. Sweet words to each, even though the hearer wished no talk

with you. You thought by supple courtesy to buy your heart's ambition. But when you had obtained the supreme command, then, ah then ! your manners changed ; your friends received scant friendliness, and often were denied your presence even. (*Agamemnon, who had drawn away before this torrent of angry words, starts and turns.*) How ill it befits an honourable man to behave thus ! When raised to power he should hold faster by his friends, for then can he be of greater service to them. This is my first charge that proves you base. You came to Aulis, where all the Argives had assembled at your command, under arms, and the gods denied a breeze to swell our sails for Troy. How you did sink to nothing ! The warriors called on you to dismiss the ships, and no longer to hold them here in idleness. What was your dejection then ! How long a face ! To lose command of a thousand warships ! To lead no lines of battle on the plains of Ilion ! Then you came to me, your brother, whimpering : " What shall I do, what plan can I find, so that I may not lose this high command—be deprived of this high honour ? " Calchas, after solemn augury, declared that dread Artemis, the goddess of this grove, demanded sacrifice, of a marriageable maiden, your Iphigenia, and after that the Achaians might sail across the Aegean sea. What was your joy !

AGA. (*interrupts*). Never. (CHORUS : Oh !)

MEN. How willingly did you promise the victim !

AGA. (*interrupting*). No, no, by force.

MEN. Freely, not by force—urge not that plea ; freely did you despatch a message to your wife to send your daughter hither, pretending she was to espouse Achilles. But a few hours pass ere your unstable spirit regrets the deed. Secretly you write

a second letter cancelling the first, for now, in truth, you will not be the murderer of your own daughter. God bear me witness, who knows all this of you. Thus has it happened to thousands. Rashly they engage their honour, and with shame withdraw from the emprise, shamed by the censure of their fellows, and condemned in justice, since in the test they themselves feel their lack of power to guard the state. Most bitterly I mourn the fate of Achaia ! The heroes of the nations gathered swiftly to wreak vengeance on the barbarians, that worthless horde, and now shall they scatter to their homes and be the scoff of their enemies through you and your daughter. Never should a king or captain be chosen for wealth alone ; he who sways the state or holds a marshal's staff should be wise. A leader should be sage in counsel.

C. 1. How dreadful to hear two brothers quarrel.

C. 2. I fear such bitter words will lead to blows.

AGA. I condemn your judgments, and will attempt to rebuke you without arrogance, but as temperately as is possible for me, for you are my brother, and a modest demeanour befits an honourable man. I pray you tell me why you rage with such furious anger. Why do your bloodshot eyes roll with choler ? Who has injured you ? What have you lost ? Do you long for a wife, a kind and wealthy wife ? I regret that such a marriage is beyond my power to give you. There was a time when such a wife adorned your home, but ill did you guard her. Am I, innocent of all fault in this, to suffer for your want of care ? Is your heart torn with envy at honours heaped on me ? Beyond all decency and reason is your hankering after a pretty woman ; vile are the pleasures of a vulgar man. Why should you declare me wanting in judgment

when, having first made a wrong decision, I revise my purpose after sober thought? He whose wife has run from him; he who, heedless of the shame, hotly longs for her still, he wants in counsel. When Helen's suitors recklessly pledged their oath to Tyndarus, it was from ardent hope of the fair bride, and not because of your charm and might. Call upon them now and march to war. Then you shall learn the strength of hasty promises. I will not slay my child for you. Is it just to murder her, as you wish, that your sinning wife may be punished? My nights, my days, would melt away in bitter tears, were I to wrong my children. That, shortly, is my case. If you are deaf to reason, I must order what concerns me.

C. 3. The poor man! How his heart is wrung!

C. 4. His grief is greater than his wrath.

MEN. God curses me. I have no friends.

AGA. You would destroy them all.

MEN. Can you and I be of one father?

AGA. You are mad, and I, I would do right.

MEN. True friends share the hour of grief.

AGA. Then be a friend to me, and not a fury from hell.

MEN. For Achaia's sake you should bear your burden of sorrow.

AGA. Is Achaia, like you, made mad by God?

MEN. Your only care's your throne, and to your brother you are a traitor. I shall find other means and other friends.

(Enter a runner from Mycenae.)

MYC. King of Men, I have brought your daughter Iphigenia in safety to Aulis. After this long absence from home your eyes will be delighted to see once more your little son Orestes and your Queen

Clytemnestra, who has come hither in attendance on her eldest child. They shed the weariness of the tedious journey and ease their numbed limbs in the fragrant shade of a plashing river's bank, while their unyoked steeds crop eagerly the fresh grass. I have run on before them that they may not arrive unannounced and unwelcomed. Throughout the camp the warriors have heard that Iphigenia has arrived. The news was cried swiftly from one group to another, and all haste to catch a glimpse of the princess ; for to humble eyes the great appear radiant with divine splendour. Has she come to Aulis for her wedding ? they ask. King Agamemnon has sent for his daughter from anxious love and fond desire to see her, others declare. And yet again the rumour flies that she is to be presented to Artemis, goddess of the grove of Aulis. Where is the bridegroom, O King ? Prepare the rites, don crowns of gold and of flowers. Lord Menelaus, make ready the bridal ceremonies. Let joyful melody and blithe dancing re-echo through the halls of Aulis ; this day is the day of days for the maiden.

AGA. You have done well, and I thank you for it. Go into the house, I pray you. All things, under God's will, shall be well. (*The runner enters gate.*) As for me, what shall I say ? Where begin ? Fate has entangled me in a net, and God, wiser than I in my vain designs, has wound it closely about me. If I were not a king ! The hind may weep and bewail his ill-fortune ; the high-born may not. Pride rules us and makes us slaves of our fellow men. I were shamed to be seen in tears, and at heart I am ashamed to be dry-eyed in my calamity. And now, what am I to say to Clytemnestra ? How can I

welcome her? How meet her eyes? Why has she come unbidden, adding to my distress? It is only natural she should accompany her daughter; only proper she should be here to celebrate her daughter's wedding; only right that she should bless the bridal. Thus I am caught. And my ill-fated girl, so soon to be a bride to Death, my heart is wrung for her. I can hear her crying before me: "O my father, will you kill me? Is this the marriage you have made me? May you and all you love enjoy Death's embraces!" Little Orestes will weep shrilly to lose his sister. O God, to what ruin has Paris, the son of Priam, brought me! Traitor Paris and faithless Helen.

C. 1. Tears run down my cheeks. Though I am a stranger, my soul is harrowed by this tale of sorrow.

MEN. Brother, give me your hand! Pardon me!

AGA. Here it is. Yours is the victory—at what a cost to me.

MEN. By Pelops, our grandsire, the words rise hot from my heart, unfeigned, to see the tears in your eyes, my brother, and sobs rise with them at your grief. Forget all I have demanded; forget my bitter speech. You must not slay your daughter to advance my desires. Why should your children suffer while mine live? Can I not find another wife, if that is what I want? Is Helen to be gained at the price of my brother's calamity? How mad I was, how cruel, to wish your maiden's death! O what pity to slay a brother's child to win back an erring wife! What has Iphigenia to do with Helen? Let the Argives disperse from Aulis. Grieve no more, my brother; your sorrow is mine. Let us give no care for the oracle that condemned your daughter! I will support you.

See how I deny my former violence. Is it not right that I should change through love for my brother? Do not think me a slave to evil passion.

C. 1. Ah, generous words, worthy of Tantalus, the son of Zeus! You are a true son of your race.

AGA. Menelaus, I thank you for what you have said—a grateful surprise, but worthy of my true brother. How marriage brings discord between brothers, and loving kinship becomes a hateful tie! I can see no way *now* of saving my daughter from the blood-stained altar.

MEN. What! Who can force you to slay her?

AGA. The united armies of Achaia.

MEN. Send her back to Mycenae.

AGA. In secret; but we could not escape the consequences.

MEN. What consequences? Do not fear the crowd!

AGA. Calchas will publicly announce the augury.

MEN. Not if he die first—that is easy.

AGA. Prophets are ambitious mischief-makers.

MEN. Nor of any good nor use, no matter where.

AGA. There is worse still.

MEN. I cannot guess what that may be.

AGA. The son of Sisyphus knows.

MEN. What can Odysseus do to you or me?

AGA. I fear his craft. He curries favour with the crowd.

MEN. Cursed with ambition.

AGA. Can't you see him standing among the Argives announcing the responses Calchas gave, telling how I promised a sacrifice to Artemis and then tricked them? The crowd will follow him, kill us, and put the maid to death. Should we escape, they will invade Argos,

storm the Cyclopean walls, and waste Mycenae. What can I do? What curse is on me! Menelaus, do this at least for my sake. See that Clytemnestra does not hear a word of this until the sacrifice is over; let me be spared a mother's tears. You women of Chalcis, keep silence!

(Exit Aga. and Men. behind the house, L.)

C. 1. Happy are they who worship Aphrodite in moderation! The temperate are free from the torment of that raging gadfly Passion.

C. 2. Aye, Eros of the blond curls draws two shafts from his bow: one brings quiet happiness, and the other deals a mordant wound to life itself.

C. 1. O Aphrodite, protect me from such woe! Give me harmony in my wedded life! Endow me with modest charms, and inspire me with tranquil affection! O Goddess, grant me love, but not in excess.

C. 3. The character and ways of men vary, though the right and just should always be plain to all. To be well brought up is a training for virtue.

C. 4. It is wise to respect appearances. The path of right is pleasant to walk upon, and the fair fame it brings is an unfading crown through life.

C. 3. In women the pursuit of virtue is an inexhaustible source of happiness, and in men it is a beauty of the mind which redounds to the greatness of the State and to the repute of the people.

C. 5. Paris, who herded white cattle on the slopes of Ida; Paris, who breathed melodies of Olympus into his pipes of Phrygian reed while the patient oxen grazed; Paris, the judge of beauty, when you were sent to the ivory halls of Sparta, you brought mad love to the eyes of Helen, and Eros dealt you a burning wound!

C. 1. And brought war upon Troy. Achaia assembles chariot, lance, and galley to lay waste the fertile fields of Troas.

C. 6. Look, the great king's daughter Iphigenia and her mother, Queen Clytemnestra, daughter of noble Tyndarus, are at hand. Great are the blessings of the mighty ! Puissant are the Gods who distribute power among mortals !

C. 1. Let us stand here, daughters of Chalcis, and hand the noble queen down from her chariot. Stretch forth gentle hands and speak her courteously, lest the fair child of Agamemnon be alarmed.

The Chorus turn toward the right. The leader goes to meet Clytemnestra, Orestes, and Iphigenia.

CLYT. (*off*). Lend me a supporting hand, I beg you, that I may step down from my seat. (*Enters R.*) The friendly kindness of your welcome is a good omen, and makes me hope that my daughter's wedding, to which I now attend her, will bring happiness. (*Enter attendants laden with bundles.*) Carry carefully the gifts into the house. Iphigenia, my child, leave the chariot. These maidens will help you down, as you are still stiff and weary. (*Enter Iphigenia.*) Stand by the horse's head ; he is nervous beyond reason. Take Orestes, King Agamemnon's son ! He is only a little boy still. (*C. 6 carries Orestes on in her arms.*) Why, he is asleep. The journey tired him out, and the rolling of the chariot has rocked him to sleep. Wake, my son, wake happily, for your sister's wedding with a man of noble birth, of the blood of Nereus.

(Enter Agamemnon ; L. back.)

Come, my daughter, stand by your mother, and show these strangers how I am blessed in you ! Give your father greeting. (*To Aga.*) My Lord

Agamemnon, we are here in obedience to your command.

IPH. Please, mother, may I run and kiss my father?

CLYT. King of the Argives, Master of Mycenae, my honoured Lord, obedient to your written instructions, we have come to Aulis.

IPH. Father, dear, may I come and give you a kiss? I am so delighted to see my daddy again. Do not be angry with me!

AGA. Come, my dear; you of my children have ever loved your father most.

IPH. It is so long, so many days and weeks, since I have seen you. What joy it is for me to find you again!

AGA. And what joy for me, my pretty!

IPH. It was a good thought to send for me.

AGA. How good, I cannot say.

IPH. Why so gloomy when you see me again?

AGA. A king and war leader has many a cause for care.

IPH. Now you are mine; drive away all cares.

AGA. I shall be all yours, my dear; not a thought but is bent on you.

IPH. Let me smooth out those wrinkles, and put smiles in my father's eyes.

AGA. The sight of you is happiness to me, such happiness as mine can be.

IPH. A tear runs down your cheek.

AGA. I am to lose you for so long a separation.

IPH. No, no, father! That cannot be.

AGA. Your innocent words stir greater pity in my heart.

IPH. If my chatter lightens your cares, let me talk and tell you of a myriad nothings.

AGA. (*aside*). I am dumb. (*To Iph.*) You have my thanks, my dear.

IPH. Come home to Mycenae, father, and stop there with your little girls and Orestes.

AGA. Oh that I could!

IPH. Leave this horrid war ; it is only for Sparta.

AGA. Others know its horrors. I know them.

IPH. Think what a long time you have been here at Aulis !

AGA. A god keeps us here, detains the whole host.

IPH. Tell me in what direction the Phrygians dwell.

AGA. Yonder, my child. Would Zeus had never let Paris, the son of Priam, live there.

IPH. Is it a long voyage there ? Will it carry you far from me ?

AGA. We journey towards the same goal.

IPH. O that I might with honour sail with you !

AGA. You will sail, my dear, to a shore where you will remember your father.

IPH. Am I to go alone, or will mother sail with me ?

AGA. Alone. Neither father nor mother may accompany you.

IPH. Are you sending me to another's house ?

AGA. Do not ask that. Maidens may not know these things.

IPH. Haste back home after the conquest of Troy.

AGA. First, I must offer a sacrifice in this place.

IPH. (*with lively interest*). You are going to prepare the rites with full ceremony in company with the priests ?

AGA. You shall be present, standing by the lavers.

IPH. Are we going to sing and dance round the altar ?

AGA. (*aside*). Happy ignorance, so much the happier are you, my Iphigenia. (*To Iph.*) Go now into the house and greet the maidens. (*Iph. turns to go into the gateway.*) Kiss me again, my child. (*Aside*) That dear embrace, how dear, how painful to a father about to lose his child ! Ah me, these rosy cheeks, these gleaming tresses ! What piercing grief Phrygia and false Helen have brought us ! I can say no more ; tears rise and choke me as I touch you. (*To Iph.*) Go in, my child. (*Exit Iphigenia, R.*) (*To Clytemnestra*) O Leda's daughter, pardon my grief at losing my girl, giving her to—to Achilles. It is a happy day for a father to give his daughter in marriage ; yet his house will be empty without her.

CLYT. Do you think I do not feel it too ? I do not require you to tell me of sorrow, when I have brought the maiden hither to her bridal. Custom and Time dull all sorrows. Tell me more of this husband. His name I know ; what of his family ?

AGA. Aegina was the daughter of Asopus.

CLYT. Who wedded her, god or man ?

AGA. Zeus himself. Their son was Aeacus, whom Oenone called her lord.

CLYT. What son succeeded Aeacus ?

AGA. Peleus, who married the daughter of the sea-god Nereus.

CLYT. By force, or with the Gods' consent ?

AGA. Her father gave her with the approval of Zeus.

CLYT. Where was the wedding held ? In the deep ocean caves ?

AGA. No. On Pelion's breezy height, where Chiron dwells.

CLYT. That is where, they say, the Centaurs roam.

AGA. All the Gods graced the nuptials with their presence.

CLYT. Was Achilles trained by his father or by Thetis, his mother?

AGA. By neither. Chiron taught him, that he might learn nought of evil from evil men.

CLYT. Wise the teacher and wise they who gave the charge.

AGA. Such is the man destined for your daughter.

CLYT. I disapprove of him in no way. Where in Achaia is his kingdom?

AGA. Where the river Apidanus flows through Phthia.

CLYT. Will he lead our daughter thither?

AGA. When she is his, that will be his care.

CLYT. Blessings upon them both! When will be the bridal?

AGA. As soon as the moon completes its course.

CLYT. Will a victim be slain beforehand for the bride?

AGA. Without delay. I go to prepare the sacrifice now.

CLYT. And after that you will offer a wedding feast.

AGA. When the Gods have received their due.

CLYT. Where shall the women hold their feast?

AGA. Here, where the gallant fleet rides in the bay.

CLYT. Provide amply all that the occasion demands.

AGA. Now, hear what I require of you and obey.

CLYT. I have ever rendered you obedience.

AGA. We will go to the quarters of the bridegroom.

CLYT. Without me! Without the mother! It is my right.

AGA. And I will give away my daughter in the presence of the assembled Argives.

CLYT. And what am I to do meanwhile ?

AGA. Return to Argos and look after the household.

CLYT. And leave my daughter ? Who shall raise the bridal torch ?

AGA. I will bear the torch at the ceremony.

CLYT. It is against all custom. Decency forbids. You cannot think it proper.

AGA. Nor is it decent for you to walk among the troops in arms.

CLYT. The mother always accompanies her daughter.

AGA. Go home to your younger maid.

CLYT. She is well cared for and strongly guarded at Mycenae.

AGA. I beg you, go.

CLYT. By mighty Heré, Queen of Heaven and Goddess of Argos, no ! Matters without the house are your charge, but within they are my care, and I alone shall prepare my daughter for her wedding.
(*Clyt. goes into the house.*)

AGA. All goes awry ! If I could have sent my wife away ! Vain to plan, useless to devise ; all goes awry. I will find Calchas the Seer. He will tell me what Artemis wills—sorrow to me and grief to Argos. A wise man should seek a wife who is gentle and well mannered, or have no wife at all. (*Exit L.*)

C. 1. Now shall the kings of Achaia beach their long galleys on the banks of silver Simois, and stride in their plates of glittering brass over the plains of Ilion, land dear to Phoebus. Cassandra shall unbind her bright yellow hair, and scatter her wreath of green bay, possessed by the God in prophetic frenzy.

C. 2. The children of Dardanus shall throng the towers and ramparts of lofty Troy as sea-borne Areas, with shield of bronze, sweeps over the waves of Simois in high-decked ships. The Avenger comes, seeking the sister of the Heavenly Dioscuri, seeking Helen to win her back, by might of lance and glaive, to the land of Achaia.

C. 3. The stone-built towers of Pergamus shall run with blood. The headless slain shall encumber the streets of Troy. The daughters of Priam shall lament salt tears, and golden Helen bewail her desertion of Menelaus.

C. 4. May it never be my evil fortune to look forward to the fate that the women of wealthy Lydia and the wives of fertile Phrygia talk of, trembling, as they work at the loom. May I never be dragged away by the hair by the rude hands of my country's conquerors!

C. 5. Disaster to Troy, all for Helen, whom Leda bore to Jove, so goes the tale, unless such tales be false, vain, and unseasonable stories that men tell.

(Enter Achilles, L.)

ACH. *(calls)*. Ho! Is the War-leader within? Ho! porter, tell your lord that Achilles Pelides awaits him at the door. *(Sol.)* It is not just that we should all be held here idle on the banks of the Euripus. Some of us who linger here on the shore are still unwedded, and our deserted halls are empty; others have left wife and children behind them. The gods have cast such a frenzy on the kings of Achaia. Now I intend to speak out for those I lead and for myself; let the others do as they will. Far from Pharsalia and from my father Peleus, I idle here, a prisoner to the faint zephyrs that blow over Euripus. My Myrmidons

grumble: "Achilles, what are we waiting for?" "Achilles, how much longer are we to be on the way to Troy?" "Achilles, let us do what we have left home to do." Or again: "Lead us back to Phthia, and wait no longer while the sons of Atreus tarry."

(*Enter CLYTEMNESTRA from the house.*)

CLYT. Son of divine Thetis, your voice reached me as I sat within.

ACH. Reverence to a queen! What lady do I behold here—a queen of Beauty?

CLYT. It is no wonder that you cannot recognise me, since you see me now for the first time. I commend your respect, and admire your manners.

ACH. Who may you be to venture among the assembled hosts of Achaia, a high-born dame among warriors in arms?

CLYT. I am the daughter of Leda; by name Clytemnestra. My husband is Agamemnon, King of Men.

ACH. Briefly and to the purpose. I may not rightly hold converse with noble women.

CLYT. Stay! Avoid me not! Join your right hand in mine as an omen for a happy marriage.

ACH. What do I hear? What words? Join my hand? Such wrong to King Agamemnon is unthinkable.

CLYT. No wrong, child of the Sea-Goddess, but surely lawful, since you are to wed my daughter.

ACH. Wed your daughter! Amazement strikes me dumb. You know not what you say. You must be mad.

CLYT. Shyness and reserve are admirable in a young man, but this carries them to extremes.

ACH. Never, O queen, have I been your daughter's

suitor ; not a word of marriage has passed between Atrides and myself.

CLYT. I do not understand. What can this mean ? My words are inexplicable to you, and yours are just as unaccountable to me.

ACH. The riddle must be solved. Alike we speak the truth.

CLYT. I am shamed, O shamed, to speak of a marriage that has not existence !

ACH. We have been tricked, mystified. Take it not to heart, I pray you.

CLYT. Farewell ! Never again shall I dare look you in the face. O the shame of it !

ACH. Farewell, O queen ! I seek Agamemnon in his house.

O.M. (*within*). Friend, son of Aeacus, stay. Stay, Pelides, and you too, daughter of Leda.

ACH. Who calls through the open door ? What calamity quivers in his tones ?

(*The Old Man comes to the gate.*)

O.M. A slave.

ACH. Whose ? Not mine ; I know you not. Agamemnon's ?

O.M. King Tyndarus gave me to his daughter yonder, who stands before the gate.

ACH. I am waiting. You called to us to stay.

O.M. Are you alone ?

CLYT. We are alone. Come forth.

O.M. Divine fortune and forethought, preserve those I hold dear !

ACH. What do you fear ? What danger threatens, and whom ?

CLYT. Delay no longer, but speak out to the point.

O.M. You know me, queen, the trusted servant faithful to you and yours.

CLYT. I know you to be an old servant of my house.

O.M. Sent to Agamemnon as part of your dowry.

CLYT. You came with me to Argos, and have ever been mine.

O.M. Even so. I owe loyalty to you, and in less degree to your husband.

CLYT. Disclose without hesitation, then, the secret that weighs upon your mind.

O.M. Her father, with his own hand, intends to kill your daughter.

CLYT. Ah! . . . What a tale, old man. It is not to be believed. You are out of your wits.

O.M. Stabbing the unhappy virgin's white throat with a knife.

CLYT. O woe is me! Is my husband mad?

O.M. No. He is not mad, except towards your child and you. There he is mad.

CLYT. Why? Why? What Fury from Tartarus possesses him?

O.M. It is the oracle. It is Calchas. In order that the fleet may sail.

CLYT. Sail? Whither? To what evil fate am I condemned! O my daughter, whom your father means to kill!

O.M. To Dardanian Troy, to bring back Helen for Menelaus.

CLYT. Must Iphigenia die to bring back Helen?

O.M. She must—a sacrifice to Artemis.

CLYT. Was this marriage but a pretext to lure us away from home?

O.M. That your daughter might be brought happily as the destined bride of Achilles.

CLYT. Brought to your death, my daughter, and your mother with you!

O.M. My heart is yours and your daughter's in your bitter plight. Agamemnon's plan is terrible.

CLYT. I am lost. Let me weep!

O.M. When Death encompasses her child, a mother's sorrow is a poisoned sword.

CLYT. Old man, how have you learned this awful plan?

O.M. I was bearer of a second letter to you.

CLYT. A letter forbidding, or commanding, me to bring my daughter to her death?

O.M. Forbidding. Your husband's heart was changed.

CLYT. Why did I not receive it?

O.M. Menelaus, cause of all this evil, robbed me of it.

CLYT. (*to Achilles*). Pelides, son of a goddess, have you heard?

ACH. I have heard your affliction, and brook ill what touches me.

CLYT. They will slay my child, having brought her here under pretext of marriage with you.

ACH. Your husband is to blame, and I, the son of Peleus, blame him.

CLYT. (*throws herself on her knees before Achilles*). I kneel before you, unashamed, a mortal at the feet of one god-born. My pride is torn from me, and my daughter's fate torments me. Stretch your hand over me, child of Thetis; protect a helpless mother, and save the maiden who has been called your bride! For you we wove bright garlands and crowned her, so that you might lead her to your hall as your bride. Now she is to be led as victim to the sacrifice. Give her your protection, lest it be a reproach that she

begged it of you in vain, for you have been named as her bridegroom. By your beard, by your right hand, by the mother that bore you, I call upon you. Your name brought us here to disaster. Let your name be a shelter to us in calamity. I have no refuge but at your knees. I am deserted by all friends. You have heard the cruel and desperate designs Agamemnon has planned. Alone in this camp of the Achaian fleets, a helpless woman among unruly soldiery, potent for evil, or for good, as fancy takes them, I appeal to you for succour. Stretch forth your hand over my bowed head, if you dare help us ; else we are lost.

C. 1. Mighty is a mother's love. A woman's heart is dedicated by Zeus to her children.

C. 2. His ambitious spirit, piercing the dim future, weeps at the woes of others, and rejoices at their fortune, yet ever in due measure. Reason and judgment order his acts. Nevertheless, though times may come when prudence is to be praised, there are often times when it is better not to be too wise.

ACH. I will obey the sons of Atreus when their commands are just. Chiron, the most upright of the living, taught me simplicity of manners ; and, if Agamemnon is in the wrong, I cannot serve him. Never shall I submit to aught dishonourable. Here and in Troas my unfettered spirit shall serve Ares to the utmost of my power. Over you whose cruel grief springs from the acts of those who should be your protectors, I stretch forth my right hand, giving all the protection a young man can offer, for pity touches my heart. Her father shall never slay the maiden he has named my bride. At no time should I lend my name to such treachery. And yet now my name, though my hand will not touch the knife, is your

daughter's murderer. Though your husband is at the bottom of all this, yet guilt would fall on me too if, through feigned marriage with me, this innocent girl should perish in so unspeakable a manner that the Gods must be aghast with horror. I should hold myself the basest in Achaia, a man of no value (unless Menelaus is still to be called a man), no true son of Peleus, but of some evil demon, were your daughter to be murdered through my name. No, by Nereus, god of the sea deeps, King Agamemnon shall never place a hand on your daughter, nor even touch her robe, else shall Sipylus, land of savages, whence came his race, become mighty and glorious Phthia be forgotten. Calchas, the prophet, will hallow his wafers and chalices to bitter ends. What is a prophet? A fellow who utters a few truths and a multitude of lies, as chance directs, whose credit is measured by his luck. You must not think that I would aid you for the sake of this marriage, for many a maid would readily wed with me. King Agamemnon has deeply insulted me. Before he used my name as a snare for his own daughter, he should have taken counsel with me. Had noble Clytemnestra bestowed on me the maiden, I should not have refused her to Achaia, did the sailing of the fleet depend on that sacrifice. My comrades would not have found me wanting in time of need. These kings look upon me as of no value, and care not a jot whether they treat me ill or well. My sword shall decide the question, and, ere I come to Troy, I will plunge it in blood to the hilt should any man attempt to wrest your daughter from me. My wrath shall protect you as a god, though I am none (Zeus hear me!), yet the occasion inspires my arm with power.

C. 4. Well spoken, Pelides ; worthy of your fame and of the sea-born Thetis, whom we revere.

CLYT. My tongue is dumb, finding no words to praise your merit. Scorn not what I say ; it is your due. I am ashamed to harass you with my private griefs, for sufferings such as mine can mean little to you, young hero. A generous prince wins praise among men by succouring women in distress. So pity us ; our calamity deserves pity. Hither I came to find a son-in-law, Achilles, cherishing a vain hope. Pity me ! An evil portent would my daughter's death be for your wedding-day. Pity her ! Act as nobly as you speak, and she shall be saved. Shall she come forth from the house and clasp your knees as a suppliant ? It would be unmaidenly, yet she shall do it, though in noble wise. If you will take pity on her, let her remain within, and come to her aid without seeing her.

ACH. Queen, do not call your daughter. Do nothing to cause ignorant tongues to chatter mischief and scandal. We are in the midst of soldiery. I will do what I can ; nor shall I give you my word in vain. If I lie, death take me ! May I live, having saved the princess.

CLYT. The blessings of Zeus upon you, saviour of the afflicted !

ACH. Let us take counsel together, and weave a plan for success.

CLYT. I await your scheme with anxiety.

ACH. We must persuade her father to take wiser action.

CLYT. He is a coward and fears the army.

ACH. Love may overcome fear.

CLYT. That is a poor hope. What am I to do ?

ACH. Entreat him, beg him not to slay his daughter. If he heed you not, then send for me. If he yield, she is safe ; there is no need for me, and Agamemnon and I may remain allies. The Argives cannot then bring complaints against me, and our aim will have been obtained by reason, not force. This will be better for you and for your friends, even though my help be not required.

CLYT. Your advice is prudent, and must be followed. If I fail, where shall I find you ? What shall I do in my calamity to invoke your aid ?

ACH. I will hold myself in readiness close at hand, so that none may perceive you passing in terror through the host, for that were a shame to your father, Tyndarus of high renown.

(Achilles goes off, L.)

CLYT. Let it be so ! I will obey your commands, and may the Gods, if any there may be, reward you ! If there be none, our toil shall not be in vain.

(Clyt. goes into the house.)

C. 1. The crystal air echoed with silver harmony, concord of flute and of lyre and of pipe. On lofty Pelion the long-haired Pierides, with golden sandals, lightly stamped the ground as they danced at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis before the assembled Gods. As they danced they sang—sang the wedding of Thetis and Peleus on the hills of the Centaurs in the deep forest of Pelion.

C. 2. As they sang, Phrygian Ganymede, son of Dardanus, beloved of Zeus, filled golden beakers with wine. On the silver sands the daughters of Nereus danced in a ring at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis.

C. 3. Waving great branches of pine and wreathed

in green garlands, the Centaurs thronged to the feast of the Gods and to the bowl of Dionysus.

C. 4. Loudly cried out old Chiron, the prophet, Apollo inspired him : “ Daughter of Nereus, princess of the sea, thou shalt bear a son, a glory to Thessaly. Thy son shall lead the spearmen of Phthia to lay waste the fields of Troy and plunder the riches of Priam. He shall wear armour hammered by the Holy Smith Hephaistos—a gift from the mother that bore him.

C. 5. Thus the Gods celebrated the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, princess of the sea. For Iphigenia the Argives will bring a garland such as is placed on a kid from the mountains. She will not be sung by the dancers to the harmonies of flute and of lyre ; she shall be slain as a calf at the altar.

C. 6. Evil prevails and virtue is overthrown. Evil prevails and the Law is rejected. From the anger of the Gods there shall be no means of escape.

(Enter Clytemnestra from the gateway.)

CLYT. My husband has been long away from the house, and I have come without the gates to seek him. My most unhappy daughter lies in tears, racked with sobs, since she learned the death to which her father has condemned her. Behold here he comes, this Agamemnon, this impious murderer of his children.

(Enter Agamemnon, L.)

AGA. Daughter of Leda, fortune has led you to the gate, for I would speak to you of things which it behoves not a virgin on her bridal should overhear.

CLYT. What is it ? Profit by the opportunity.

AGA. Commit your daughter to her father’s charge. The lovers are prepared, the salted cakes are ready to be cast on the lustral fire, and the heifers are there

whose blood must flow in black streams for the chaste Goddess of the grove, Artemis.

CLYT. Your speech is fair seeming; but your deeds, could I name them, I know not how to praise. (*Turns to the house.*) Come forth, my daughter, you know your father's plans. Bring Orestes with you, wrapt in his cloak.

(*Enter Iphigenia and Orestes.*)

(*To Agamemnon.*) See, she is here, in prompt obedience to your command. Now permit me to say what is due for her and for myself.

AGA. My daughter in tears? How sad and white a face hidden behind your mantle. Tell me your grief!

IPH. My grief? Where shall I begin to tell my grief? My first sorrow is to be my last.

AGA. Why do you huddle together, as if terror struck?

CLYT. Will you answer truly if I question you?

AGA. Speak. I will answer.

CLYT. Your daughter and mine you have condemned to death?

AGA. What a question! What a hideous suspicion!

CLYT. Do not evade the question. Answer it.

AGA. Ask what is fitting, and I will answer in proper wise.

CLYT. This alone I ask. Answer it.

AGA. O jest of fate! What doom is mine!

CLYT. And mine, and hers, most wretched of the three.

AGA. What have I done amiss?

CLYT. Can you ask that of me? What have you done aright?

AGA. I have been betrayed. My secrets have been given away.

CLYT. I have heard all your plans. Your silence and your signs betray you. There is no need for protestations.

AGA. I listen in silence. I will not add shame to my sufferings by false words.

CLYT. Agamemnon, now hear expressed in plain terms what I have in my heart. You wedded me against my will. My first husband was slain by your hand, and my baby boy, you snatched him from my breast and dashed him to death against the stones. My brothers, the horse-taming sons of Zeus, with flashing arms would have slain you ; but Tyndarus, my father, saved you, a suppliant prostrate at his knees. Such was my wedding to you. Yet you yourself shall witness that I have been a wife above reproach, careful of your fame and name, exact steward of your house, so that home-coming has been a joy to you. A wife such as I have been to you is a rare prize, such as may be sought long and far afield. I have borne you three daughters and a son. And you would tear my eldest girl from my arms to death ! O woe to us ! What is your reply ? Why should you kill your daughter ? Must I say it for you ? That Menelaus may win back Helen. Our child is to be the price to buy back his wanton wife. The innocent we love most are to redeem what most we hate and scorn. You will journey far away to Troy, the leader of a multitudinous host. I shall go back in solitude to Argos. My daughter's seat will be empty ; empty her bed. As I sit alone, tears will well into my eyes, and I shall lament ! " Your father slew you, O my daughter. He that gave you life killed you with his own hand, and not an enemy. Behold the blessing wrought upon our house." O, do no evil, I pray you ; by all the

gods I pray you, do no evil to us. Let us, me and my daughters, welcome your return with joy as becomes us. Sacrifice your child—what vows will you call upon that sacrifice? What blessing will you ask at that sacrifice, O daughter-slayer? What fortune will this shame bring to the unlucky war on which you sail? Do you desire that I should pray for you? What should we deem the Gods if they deigned to favour the assassin who plunges willing hands in the blood of his own children? Do you think, on your return to Argos, to embrace your son and daughters? You will not have the right. No child of yours will look upon your face again, once you have slain your daughter. With cool, deliberate purpose you will have slain your daughter. If God call you, and you alone, to bear the war-captain's staff and lead the armies, it is your duty to appeal to the Argives: "Is it your will to sail o'er the Aegean to the shores of Phrygia? Then cast the lot whose virgin daughter shall be sacrificed." This at least were just; or Menelaus, whose cause this quarrel is, should slay Hermione, his daughter, that her mother may be redeemed, and not I, a faithful wife, be deprived of my child that yon ill woman should bear back her babe to Sparta and be happy. If I am wrong, reply; but if my words are right, slay not your child and mine.

CHORUS. Hear her, Agamemnon. Let love sway your heart. To protect his children is a father's part.

IPH. O my father, I have not the golden voice of Orpheus that charmed trees and rocks, or I would use it. Tears I have, tears are my only craft. (*Throws herself at his feet and clasps his knees.*) Your knees I clasp, a suppliant at your feet. Kill me not before my hour strikes! Cut me not off from the sweet light of

day ! Drive me not into the gloom of death and the unnameable mysteries of the tomb. I first called you father ; I first stood at your knee fondly laughing in my father's smiling face. Have you not said to me : " Little daughter, shall I see you happy, happy in a noble husband's hall, prospering as befits my dignity ? " Did I not reply, passing my hand over your beard, as I do now : " What shall I do, then, for you ? Shelter you in your eld beneath my friendly roof, repaying your gentle care of my childhood ? " These words are engraved in my heart ; but you, my father, took no heed of them, and now would send me to death. In the name of your grandsire Pelops, in memory of your father Atreus, I beg you, out of pity for my poor stricken mother, do not take my life ! What have I to do with the loves of Alexander Paris and Helen ? Were they born for my destruction ? Look upon me, father, with tender eyes ; grant me a smile, a kiss to carry with me to death's dominions in memory of your love. Come hither, Orestes ; be your sister's little champion ! Implore your father that she may not die. (*Orestes kneels and, sobbing, clasps his father's knees.*) Listen to his sobs, my father ; your two children at your knees beseech you to be gentle with me. By your manhood, by your fatherhood, we entreat you, a little lad and a maid at your knees. The light of life is sweet to mortal eyes, and none in his wits may wish to die. No matter what evil life may bring, life is dear, and death makes me afraid.

C. 1. Ill-fated Helen, your love has brought disaster on the children of Atreus.

AGA. I have a heart, as other men ; in it pity dwells and love. Dread oppresses me at the thought of what

I have planned, dread at doing, and dread at not doing. God's will must be done, no matter what suffering the doing brings. You all behold the myriad ships of war ; you all can see the assembled kings of Hellas in their glittering array. The prophet Calchas, speaking the will of the Gods, declares that they may not quit these shores for Troy until you have been sacrificed to Artemis. This vast host assembled here for Troy's overthrow, eager to sail, impatient of delay, maddened with the cruel ardour of war, are held in check by a girl. Unless I fulfil the commandment of the Goddess, these men of blood will storm Argos, slay my daughters, slay you, my queen, and kill my son. It is not Menelaus who has bent my soul to his will ; it is Achaia. Will I or will I not, the Gods require this of me, that I must sacrifice you, my child, for the sake of Achaia. I am powerless, and must submit. Achaia must be free. There lies our duty, my child ; yours and mine. Achaia must not bow the knee before the Barbarian, nor the Phrygian steal their wives unpunished.

(Agamemnon goes into the wood, R. The sun is low.)

CLYT. O my daughter ! O strangers ! a curse is on us. Her father has abandoned her, has left her to death. She is doomed.

IPH. Mother, O mother, how miserable I am ! Never more to see the sun, never to watch the dawn, nor the sun sink behind the hills ; to die so soon !

CLYT. Priam cast out his son to die on the cruel slopes of Ida, since the child was fated to bring disaster upon Troy. Shepherds found the babe and brought him up as their own child, calling him Idæus. Ah ! that the king had never left his little son among the wild hyacinths on Ida's side ! As the young herdsman

stood by the gushing fountain the Queen of Heaven came, and Pallas with her lance, and Aphrodite, goddess of Beauty. The divine Three, attended by Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, came to judgment before the simple herd.

IPH. They came down from Olympus to judgment and doomed me to die. Yet I shall die for Achaia, bringing her glory for ever.

C. 1. Artemis accepts the princess as first of all victims, that the sails of our galleys may be swelled by the breeze, and haughty Ilion bow at the sight of our prows.

IPH. My father betrays me, and deserts me in my sorrow. O mother, my fate is cruel. My father, who loved me, I thought, has left me. Helen of evil omen, your love has brought death in its train ; death to me. My blood shall stain the sword of sacrifice, and the hand of my father shall be accursed as my red blood pours on to the dark-stained sand. Why did the ships of war come to Aulis Bay ? Why did Zeus not give a favouring wind towards Asia ? Sullen storms sweep over Euripus. Blessed are those whose flying sails are driven by a kindly breeze, whose speedy keel cuts the dark-blue wave as they ride the deep in their pride ! To others are given drear necessity and pain. In suffering they pass life's little space ; on every hand misfortune walls them in.

C. 5. Alas, what misery has Helen brought upon Achaia ! We weep for you, sweet maiden, overwhelmed by disaster. Fate is cruel.

IPHIG. Mother, what host of men in arms comes across the shore !

CLYT. The son of Thetis leads them—Achilles, to whom I thought to see you wed.

IPH. Make way, women ; let me pass into the house. (*Turns to enter the house.*)

CLYT. Whom do you fear to see ?

IPH. Achilles.

CLYT. Why ?

IPH. This ill-starred bridal covers me with shame.

CLYT. Stay, daughter ; this is no time for blushes. The gravity of your plight outweighs all else.

(*Enter Achilles, followed by a number of warriors with drawn weapons.*)

ACH. Daughter of Leda, misfortune.

CLYT. Nought but misfortune.

ACH. How dreadful was the clamour of the Argives !

CLYT. Their clamour, what did they——

ACH. Your daughter——

CLYT. Oh ! what did they say ?

ACH. She must be slain, a victim at the sacrifice.

CLYT. Did none gainsay it ?

ACH. I did in vain. They threatened to slay me too.

CLYT. Threatened, stranger ?

ACH. With stones.

CLYT. Because you would save my child ?

ACH. Because I would save her.

CLYT. Who dared touch Pelides ?

ACH. The Argives.

CLYT. Did not your Myrmidons support you ?

ACH. They were the first in fury.

CLYT. We are lost, Iphigenia.

ACH. They shouted I was vanquished by a woman.

CLYT. And your reply ?

ACH. They should not touch my bride to be.

CLYT. A just cause.

ACH. Her father named her mine.

CLYT. And brought her hither from Mycenae.

ACH. I spoke in vain ; they shouted me down.

CLYT. The vile mob !

ACH. My aid shall not fail you.

CLYT. Alone against the host.

ACH. Not alone. These are my friends in arms.

CLYT. May God grant you success !

ACH. I shall succeed.

CLYT. My child will not be slain ?

ACH. Not with my will.

CLYT. Will none come hither to drag the maid away ?

ACH. Many, Odysseus amongst them. He will take her.

CLYT. What, the son of Laertes ?

ACH. Even he.

CLYT. Of his own free will, or constrained by the host ?

ACH. Chosen by his own consent.

CLYT. How evil a choice, to be stained with innocent blood !

ACH. I will guard her from him.

CLYT. Would he drag her from her father's house against her will ?

ACH. By her golden tresses.

CLYT. What can I do ?

ACH. Be firm ; support your daughter.

CLYT. You will stand between her and the slayer.

ACH. Though Odysseus come, I fear him not.

IPH. Hear me now, mother. Be not wroth with your husband ! Anger is vain, for might will take its way, heedless of our struggles. Our heartfelt thanks are due to this noble stranger for his generous goodwill.

Sir, let not the warriors lay the blame on you. It will avail us nought, I fear, and will do you much harm. I have been thinking as deliberately as I may. My death has been decreed ; then let me die with honour, vanquishing craven fear. The kingdoms of Achaia turn now their eyes on me ; in my death they see the sailing of the fleet, the fall of Ilion. The Phrygian's defeat spells freedom for the Argives, and safety for our queens from rude Barbarian rape. Flame shall blacken the walls of Ilion in vengeance for the loss of Helen, whom Paris stole away. My death shall bring these things to pass, and my name shall be honoured where'er the Argive galleys sail. Hellas shall be made free through me. Mother, you did not bear me for yourself alone, but for Achaia. Shall men in thousands at their country's call brace on their brazen arms, wield lance and shield—shall men in thousands grasp the oar, and dare, with unflinching gaze, to die for Achaia ? Shall my life, my life alone, stand in their way ? Would this be just ? What shall our answer be ? Is this prince to contend alone with all the warriors of our land ? Is he to die, and to die for a woman ? No ; a hero's life is worth a thousand girls. If the divine Virgin require my sacrifice, dare I, weak mortal, withstand Her will ? A vain and empty thought ! For Argos I give my life. Let me be slain, and Troy perish ! Victory shall be my monument. The Argives shall be my children, and my glory shall endure.

CHOR. Generous and noble maiden ; harsh is the web the Fatal Sisters weave you.

ACH. Agamemnon's daughter, blessed were I if Zeus permitted me to wed you. Happy, I deem, is Argos in her princess, and worthy of golden Mycenae were your noble words. Scorning to strive with the

divine puissance of Artemis, you judge the common weal the better part. I honour you, my princess. Your heart is that of a great queen, fit bride for a king. I beg you, think well. My warmest wish is to lead you to my hall a bride. I could not return to my mother Thetis if I had not saved you from the Achaians. Think well ; death is a dreadful thing.

IPH. Suffering and death in plenty shall follow in the steps of Helen. Die not for me, great stranger ; stain not your sword with blood for me. I go to save my country, if God so wills.

ACH. Sweet soul of Glory ! Nought may I urge against your generous will. If you should regret your words or feel your spirit weaken, know that I shall stand beside the altar, these arms beside me. Should you, when the keen sword flashes towards your throat repent your act, I shall not, even then, abandon you to death. This breast, this shield, this sword, shall be a wall to ward my bride from all the host. I go, to await your coming, to Artemis' holy grove.

(Exit Achilles, L.)

IPH. Mother, your cheeks are wet with tears.

CLYT. Cruel, bitter, and deep the cause.

IPH. Oh, do not weep, for fear my spirit droop and quail.

CLYT. None shall say my child was ever wronged by me.

IPH. I beg you, mother, clip not the tresses from your brow, nor don for me a sable cloak. Mourn not for me.

CLYT. What, my child ? Shall I not mourn when you are lost ?

IPH. Not lost, but saved. Through me your name shall be for long renowned.

CLYT. Shall I not mourn your death, my daughter ?

IPH. No, since for me there shall be raised no tomb.

CLYT. No tomb raised for the dead ?

IPH. The altar of Artemis is my tomb.

CLYT. Your words are breathed from heaven above.

I must obey.

IPH. Aye, and deem me blessed, dying for Achaia.

CLYT. What shall I say to your sisters twain ?

IPH. They shall not mourn for me.

CLYT. What greeting shall I give the maidens ?

IPH. My last farewell. Make a true man of Orestes.

CLYT. You will never see him again. Embrace him well !

IPH. (*to Orestes*). Little brother, you were my champion. You have succoured your friends with all your might.

CLYT. What can I do at Argos for your pleasure ?

IPH. Bear no hate against my father, no rancour towards your husband.

CLYT. For your dear sake he must suffer a bitter hour.

IPH. With grief profound he yields me to Achaia.

CLYT. Base, cunning coward, unworthy of his race.

IPH. Who will go with me, guide me to the altar, lest I be dragged thither by the hair ?

CLYT. I shall go with you.

IPH. No, mother ; it would not be seemly.

CLYT. Hanging on your mantle.

IPH. Let me prevail, my mother. Stay within the gates. This is my desire. It is my right. Let one of these, my father's men, lead me to the sacred glade of Holy Artemis, whose victim I shall die.

CLYT. My child, are you going now ?

IPH. Never to return.

CLYT. Will you part from your mother ?

IPH. Even as you see me, though not as I deserve.

CLYT. Do not forsake me !

IPH. I go without a tear. Maidens, chant to my fate the hymn to Artemis, daughter of almighty Zeus, and, with favourable omens, sing " Success to Achaia."

(The sacrificial procession passes from L. to R. chanting solemnly. The full moon has risen high.)

IPH. Begin the rites. Fill the hallowed basket. Kindle the sacred fire, and offer the cakes of cleansing. My father, the great king, shall place his right hand on the altar ; for, behold I am come to bring Freedom to Achaia and victory to the Argives. Lead me to the foot of the altar. Mine shall be the glory of bringing Ilion low. The lofty towers of Troy shall bow down. Bind my maiden brow with garlands, and crown my tresses with flowers. Fill the vessels of bright brass with pure water from the brook, and bear them round the holy place. Raise the hymn to Artemis, the blessed Virgin ! The Fates call on me, and I give my blood and my life.

CHOR. *(to Clys.)*. O dear and revered mother, our hearts are burdened with tears ; yet the solemn rites of Artemis may not be disturbed by lamentation.

IPH. The warriors of the kindreds wait, eager for the angry path of war, for my death to release them from Aulis. *(Sobs.)* O my country, where I was born ! *(To Chor.)* Raise, I bid you, the hymn to Artemis, Queen of Chalcis and of Aulis. *(Sobs.)* O Mycenae !

CHOR. Why do you call on the city of Perseus, whose walls the Cyclops built ?

IPH. Within those walls my days have passed, and now, of my own will, I journey into the night.

CHOR. Your name for this shall be sung among the kindred for ever.

IPH. O shining Phoebus, son of God, O clear light of day, my eyes shall see you no more. Farewell, warm sun ; farewell, sweet day ! *(Exit R.)*

C. 1. She has gone to death, that Phrygia may be overthrown.

C. 2. The captains and their companies stand in arms about the grove.

C. 3. Soon will they wreath her brow with garlands—

C. 4. And pour out the water of purifying—

C. 5. Then the priest will plunge the knife into her neck, and the blood will gush over the altar in a jet.

C. 6. Her father ordered it—

C. 1. That the armies of Argos may march against Iliion.

C. 2. Let us chant a hymn to the Virgin daughter of God, that she may crown the kings of Achaia with conquest and fame.

ALL. *(Chant.)* Dread maiden, we make our vows to Thee. May the blood of the virgin be acceptable in Thy sight ! With a favouring breeze waft the ships of war to the shores of Troas ! Aid these warriors ! May the lances of the Argives be victorious ! Grant mighty Agamemnon the immortal crown of triumph ! *(Lights dimmed gradually, then raised.)*

(Enter Messenger from R.)

M. Queen Clytemnestra, ho ! I stand without the gates, the bearer of tidings.

(Clytemnestra comes out of the gates.)

CLYT. I hear you, and I come, trembling lest you tell of yet other evils.

M. I have astonishing and awful news.

CLYT. Do not delay !

M. Your noble daughter's fate.

CLYT. Speak out !

M. I will tell you all from first to last ; but, Queen, my senses are confused, so dreadful it was. We came to the flowery glade of Holy Artemis. There stood in solemn ranks the armed hosts of Achaia. We led the princess to where the warriors of Argos held their place. King Agamemnon, when he beheld his daughter stepping across the grove, groaned aloud, burst into tears, and turned away, sobbing into his cloak. The maiden came up to him. " Father," she said, " I am here. For Argos and Achaia I offer myself freely as a victim to Artemis. Let them lead me to the altar. The Fates' decree be done ! For what depends on me, be happy. The prize of victory shall be yours. May you return in safety to mighty-walled Mycenae ! Let no Achaian lay hands on me. With unshaken spirit I will offer my throat to the knife." She spoke, and all admired the heroic words and fearless bearing of the princess. Talthybius, the herald, bade the host be silent. Thereon Calchas, the priest, drew the hallowed sword from its sheath, and placed it in a basket of gold. He bound the sacred garlands about the virgin's head. Pelides, bearing the basket and the chalice, went once around the altar and cried : " Daughter of Zeus, Artemis, lover of the chase, slayer of wild beasts, who, in silver refulgence, crosses the blue night sky, accept this victim, offered by the allied kingdoms of Achaia and by Agamemnon, our chosen captain. As the immaculate blood is shed

from this fair virgin, grant that a favouring breeze may waft our fleet across the sea, and that our arms may lay the many-towered walls of Troy in the dust." The sons of Atreus stood on either hand. The priest took up the piercing blade, and raised his arm in prayer. The stern warriors bent their gaze in pity to the ground. Calchas seized the hilt, and marked with his eye the spot to strike. My heart was heavy in my breast ; my eyes dim with foreboding. Suddenly behold a miracle—the blow was seen, the stroke was heard ; but where the maiden was, none could say. The priest shouted loud, and the host rent the air with cries of wonder. A god had performed a prodigy at which all marvelled ; it surpassed all belief. Panting on the ground was a hind of largest size and excelling form. Its spouting blood stained the altar of the goddess. At this Calchas exclaimed with joy : " O chieftains of the assembled armies of Achaia, behold this victim. The Goddess herself has brought and laid before her altar a mountain hind. In lieu of the maiden, she accepts this ; nor shall the rich stream of royal blood stain the dread altar. Of her free grace, Artemis has done us this wonder. A favouring wind to swell our sails and bear invading war to Troy stirs the trees. Rouse ye all, take courage ! Down to the ships, for this day we leave the sheltering bay of Aulis and seek the broad Aegean sea."

The sacred fire consumed the offering, and the priest uttered a prayer that the great fleet might make its way in safety o'er the waves. Agamemnon has sent me to bring these tidings to his queen, declaring what fate the gods assign him, and the unending glory that shall be Achaia's and therefore his. I witnessed all

that I have told. Be well assured, noble mistress, your daughter is with the gods. Lament no more; bear no anger against your lord. Often the gods dispense unexpected gifts to mortal men. Those whom they love they save. This day, that should have seen your daughter slain, has seen her spared.

C. 1. With what joy do I hear this message! Your daughter lives, great lady, and lives among the Gods.

CLYT. And are you now, my daughter, taken among the Immortals? How, then, shall I address you? Or must I think all this tale mere words to comfort me, false tidings to soothe my anguish?

M. King Agamemnon comes. He will confirm each detail of my news.

(Enter Agamemnon from R. accompanied by Menelaus and the leaders of the host.)

AGA. O Clytemnestra, we must deem ourselves blessed above the common lot in our daughter; for now she dwells among the Gods. The nations march with ardour to their ships in haste to sail. Argos recalls you with our little son. Farewell! My greetings from Troy may be far between. Farewell, and blessings upon you!

C. 1. Rejoicing, Atrides, attend your path! Set foot in triumph on the Phrygian shore; return in glory to Argos laden with the victor's spoils from Troy.

(Curtain.)



E.N.A.

THE THEATRE OF DIONYSUS (BACCHUS), ATHENS.

An Altar to Dionysus stood in the middle of the semi-circular space, and round it the Chorus took their places, sang and danced.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

FIRST PRODUCED IN ATHENS *circa* 410 B.C.

(*Subject of an Opera by Glück, A.D. 1779 ; and of a Tragedy by Goethe, A.D. 1786*)

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

IPHIGENIA, daughter of Agamemnon, King of Argos and Mycenae, Priestess of Artemis ; a blonde woman of thirty or so, dressed in an ample peplos and mantle of severe cut.

ORESTES, only son of Agamemnon, a tall, powerful, dark young man in the early twenties, dressed in short chiton and chlaina (short cloak), armed with short sword.

PYLADES, son of Strophius, Lord of Phocis, a few years younger than Orestes, fair hair and complexion, dressed similarly to Orestes.

CHORUS of slave attendants of the temple of Artemis, Argive girls dressed in plain peplos and mantles.

HERDSMAN, a young man in a goatskin tunic and felt hat, carrying a rough crook.

Barbarian Guards, in Scythian dress (loose trousers tied above ankles, loose blouse belted round waist, high pointed cap), full beards, short bows and quivers full of arrows slung on their backs.

THOAS, King of Tauris, swarthy and squat middle-aged man, dressed gaudily in long chiton, long narrow cloak, pointed cap, high boots.

A GUARD.

PALLAS ATHENE, Virgin Goddess of War and Wisdom,
wears full armour over a flowing peplos.

The action takes place seventeen to twenty years
after the episode of "Iphigenia in Aulis."

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

SCENE : *The courtyard of the Temple of Artemis in Tauris. At the back of the stage is the altar ; behind it the entrance to the temple, which is simple, severe, and grim in aspect. The walls are hung with helmets, shields, swords, etc.*

Time : Early morning.

Iphigenia enters from the temple.

IPH. With victory in the swift chariot race Pelops, son of Tantalus, won the hand of the princess of Pisa, and his son was Atreus of Mycenæ. The two sons of Atreus were Menelaus and Agamemnon, whose child I am. At Aulis, famed in story, by the storm-swept eddies of Euripus, my father sacrificed me for Helen's sake.

In Aulis bay a thousand ships had come at King Agamemnon's call, assembled for the overthrow of Troy and for the vengeance of Menelaus. In Aulis bay they stayed, held there by adverse winds, till Calchas, the priest, having sought counsel of the gods by divination, spoke thus :—

“ O Captain of this countless armament, your galleys shall never quit these shores until Artemis receive in sacrifice your daughter Iphigenia, for you did vow to the goddess of Light, the loveliest creature that the year produced. And in that year your wife Clytemnestra bore to you a daughter, a prize of beauty, whom now you must sacrifice.”

Odysseus drew me by wile from my mother's side in Mycenae ; he lured me to Aulis to be wedded to Achilles. There, in the sacred grove, I was lifted high above the altar, and the knife was raised to slay me ; but Artemis snatched me away, and a doe died in my place on the altar of the Achaians. Across the bright sky she wafted me ; in Tauris she has given me a home, where Thoas, the barbarian, reigns over barbarians—Thoas the swift of foot, Thoas who runs as a bird. Now I am the priestess of Artemis in her temple, where she alone is honoured. Praise and reverence to the Goddess !

For long it has been the Tauric custom to sacrifice at the altar of the Virgin any Argive that lands upon this shore. Mine is the duty of preparing the victim ; to other hands the slaughter of the sacrifice.

Strange visions drift about these hallowed walls, and of late I have seen them—even this night ; and to Heaven I will tell, may good come of it, the things that I beheld. Far from this land I seemed to be, sleeping on my bed at Argos, in my own room at home. The ground was shaken with terrifying violence, and I fled. As I fled the vast walls tottered and the roof caved in. All was shattered but one column. Nothing remained of my father's house but one pillar, from whose capital issued yellow locks, out of whose stone came forth a voice. Priestess, I sprinkled those yellow tresses as those of one doomed to die on the altar of Artemis. Tears streamed from my eyes. I know from my dream that Orestes, my brother, is dead ; since sons are the pillars of their father's house, and they whom I anoint are doomed to death.

It is in my heart, therefore, to offer libations for my brother, far though he be cut off from me, far as I am from my native land. These captives from Achaia, whom the king has given me as attendants, will join me in worship. I will summon them hither from our dwelling. (*Exit R.*)

(*Orestes and Pylades enter stealthily, L.*).

OR. Watch, Pylades, lest anyone come this way.

PYL. I am on the watch. I espy nothing, though I look in all directions.

OR. Do you think, Pylades, that this can be the temple of the goddess to which we have steered our barque from Argos?

PYL. I think it is. Surely you have no doubts.

OR. This, then, is the altar on which Argive men are put to death.

PYL. Look, its summit is all stained with blood.

OR. And mark the trophies on the temple walls.

PYL. Stripped from the slain victims.

OR. Watch well; danger is all about us (*prays.*). O Phoebus, why hast Thou led me once more into a net? At Thy command I avenged my father's murder and slew my mother. The Furies drove me forth into exile far from home. From country to country I have been harried. To Thee I came at last, seeking an end to madness and to pain. Thou didst bid me journey to this distant land of Tauris, where Artemis, Thy sister, is adored. Here I am to steal away the statue of the goddess which, the barbarians claim, fell from heaven, and bear it to Athens, where it shall be honoured. These were Thy orders; nought more. Once they were fulfilled, I should obtain rest. Hither I have come, obedient to Thy commands. (*To Pylades.*) Pylades, comrade in toil, what must we

do ? The temple walls are high ; dare we climb them ? Can we do it unseen ? Shall we burst the brazen hinges of the gate ? Where shall we find bars to break them open ? If we are caught in the act of forcing a way into the temple we shall surely die. Had we better return to our ship while flight is still possible ?

PYL. Flight is intolerable. It is not our wont to flee, and the command of the God must be obeyed. Let us leave this temple, and hide in a cave by the sea-shore, one which is hidden by the dark waves and is far from our ship. Then, if our boat is observed and the rulers of the land make search along the coast for strangers, we shall not be found and taken prisoner. When dusk has fallen and the eye of dim night appears we will force open this temple and dare to bear away the polished statue. Look, up there, below the eaves, there is space through which we can crawl. We are no cowards to draw back now, but high of courage, steeled for perilous adventure.

OR. Well thought of. We will do it. Now to find a spot where we may hide unseen. The God will not let His promise be without avail. Youth wins no indulgence from sorrow. (*They go off L.*)

(*Enter the attendants of Iphigenia, Argive women who have fallen into the hands of the Tauric barbarians. They come on from the right.*)

C. 1. Hush ! ye dwellers by the twin-clashing rocks ; hush !

C. 2. O daughter of Latona, O Dictynna of the mountains, towards Thy pillared temple with its ornaments of gold, towards Thy holy court I come—I, slave of the anointed priestess, with hallowed maiden feet.

C. 3. The towers of Argos, the pastures of Achaia

famed for its horses, the fragrant orchards by Eurotas, the home of my fathers, have long been absent from my eyes.

(*Iphigenia enters, R.*)

C. 4. We are here. What news ?

C. 5. What new grief is there in store for us ?

C. 6. Why have you called us to the temple, daughter of the king who led the myriad oars of the sons of Atreus to the walls of Troy ?

IPH. Alas ! my heart aches with the wailings of great woe, and my mind is racked with harsh discords that the lyre may not express. The gloom of night has scarce lifted from the earth, and I shudder to recall the grim vision it brought me. Disaster to my home oppresses me, and I fear my brother is dead. Lost, I am lost ; my father's house is destroyed and my race is extinguished. Alas for the woe that has fallen upon Argos ! Woe, O Fates, who have torn my brother from me and now condemn him to Hades. It is for him (*turning to the chorus*) that I prepare these offerings, and the bowl due to the dead who are yet upon earth, milk from a mountain heifer, juice of the grape and honey from the tawny bee ; these are the appointed offerings for the dead. Give me a golden vessel, from which to make a libation to Hades. (*Prays.*) O son of the house of Agamemnon, thou liest now in the grave, and to thee, dead, I offer these things. Accept them, for I may not offer on thy tomb a lock of my bright tresses, nor tears from my eyes, since I am far from our country and am thought dead myself, a sacrifice for Achaia.

C. 1. Mistress, we will chant a dirge with you.

C. 2. An Asiatic lament—

C. 3. A mournful song to the dead—

C. 4. A sad anthem to the Lord of the World
Below.

C. 5. Alas, the light of the kings of the house of
Atreus is fading.

C. 6. The sceptre falls from the hands of the
glorious kings of Argos.

C. 1. Calamity after calamity darts upon our race.

C. 2. And the sun turneth away his face.

C. 3. Woe came after woe, brought by the Golden
Ram.

C. 4. Murder after murder, grief after grief.

C. 5. A curse lies on the children of Tantalus.

C. 6. Swiftly speeds the appointed doom.

IPH. Evil was the day my mother wedded, and
the Fates dedicated me to a life of misfortune.
Though my father won the daughter of Leda from
many noble suitors, yet he vowed me, his firstborn,
a victim to Artemis, an unholy oath, and over the
sands of Aulis my chariot drove, carrying me, the
bride of Achilles, to a dreadful death.

Now I dwell in exile on the shores of an inhospitable
sea, unwedded, childless, homeless, friendless. My
voice is not raised in honour of Argive Heré, nor do
my fingers weave on the loom bright figures of Pallas
Athene and the Titans. My lot is to consecrate the
stranger to death, and to behold his blood spurt on
to the altar as he screams shrilly. Bitter tears burn
my eyes. Let me forget them, let me forget, for now I
weep my brother's death, slain in Argos, little Orestes,
my baby brother. My mother nursed him ; on her
lap he played, prince of the royal blood of Argos.

C. 1. A herdsman comes from the sea-shore, running.

(*Herdsman enters, L.*)

H. Daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, listen to my story.

IPH. Why'do you break in rudely on us? What is your news?

H. Two young men have escaped the perils of rocks and are now on our shore. Artemis has brought them hither as acceptable sacrifice. Make ready, priestess, the holy water, and perform the rites.

IPH. Tell me their nation? What garb do they wear?

HERD. Their dress is Argive; I can tell you that and no more.

IPH. Did you not hear their names?

HERD. Aye—one called the other Pylades.

IPH. What was his companion's name?

HERD. We never heard that.

IPH. How did you spy them out and capture them?

HERD. Where the grey waves break on the unfriendly rocks.

IPH. And what may oxherds do at the salt sea's brink?

HERD. We took our oxen down to wash them in the sea water.

IPH. Tell me without more ado how you captured them—by what cunning? The altar of the goddess has not been stained with Achaian blood for long.

HERD. Well, we were driving our cattle from their pastures in the forest to the sea that flows between the Symplegades. There is a hollow in the cliff that the unceasing waves have worn, and where the collectors of purple dye come. One of us, a lad,

peeped in there, and, coming back tiptoe, he calls us : " Do you not see them there within ? " he says ; " two gods sitting on stones." Another, a pious man, with uplifted hand and reverent gaze, prays : " Divine Son of the White Goddess of the Sea, Patron of Mariners, Holy Palaimon, be kind to us ! Be these the Dioscuri or the children of Nereus ? " A third, a scoffer, impudent and lawless, jeered at his prayer. He said that these were shipwrecked sailors hiding in the ravine for fear of our law which sacrifices strangers to Artemis. We thought his words were truth, and resolved to capture her due victims for the goddess.

As we came nigh them, one of the two foreigners rose from the rocks, shook his head and groaned aloud ; then, pointing with trembling fingers, shouted : " Pylades, look, here is one, and there another, each a winged demon from hell, armed with vipers that writhe about her, seeking to destroy me. A third, with flaming breath and dripping blood, swoops down towards me, my mother in her arms. Where shall I hide ? She will have me yet."

We could see naught. Was it the lowing of our cattle and the baying of our dogs which he took for the voices of the Furies ? We were afraid, and cowered down in silence. But he, drawing his sword, charged upon our heifers, slashing at their sides till the sea ran with blood, crying that the Furies fled before him. When we saw our beasts slain and gashed, each of us sought what arms we could and blew conch shells to summon our fellows, for we deemed poor oxherds of small avail against well-armed warriors. It was not long ere many had gathered on the shore. His mad fit left him, and the foreigner fell, faint, his chin dribbling foam. Seeing him down, we rushed

upon him, throwing stones and striking at him. His friend came to his aid, wiped his face, and sheltered him from blows and stones till he became aware of their ill case, for we ceased not hurling rocks upon them from all sides. Terribly he cried out : " Pylades, we must die. Let us die with honour. Draw your sword and follow me ! " Before their gleaming weapons we fled up precipitous clefts. Those behind the foreigners flung stones at them. As the warriors turned, those who had fled a moment gone attacked them in their turn. Their lives were charmed ; we could not hurt them. At last we beat the swords from their hands, struck them to earth, and brought them pinioned to our king. He will send them to you, maiden, for purification and for sacrifice. Pray, priestess, that many a victim such as these may fall into our hands. Then shall Hellas atone for willing your murder on the altar in Aulis grove.

C. 1. How strange and fearful are the things you tell of this man whom the cruel sea has brought from Achaia.

IPH. The will of Zeus be done ! Go, fetch hither these foreigners, and I will do my duties. Unhappy heart which beats within my breast, once you were at peace, once you could feel pity for the unhappy Argives, men of your own race, who were sent to my hands for sacrifice. My vision has made you cruel. To think that Orestes is no more has driven out kindness.

How bitter can the unfortunate be towards those who are happy ! Zeus never brought hither with a fair wind a ship carrying Helen, the bane of my life, or Menelaus. Then I should have been revenged upon them. A sacrifice here would have avenged the

sacrifice at Aulis, where the rough Danaans would have killed me as they would a calf in the presence of my own father Agamemnon, king and priest.

Woe to me ! I cannot forget the sufferings which I then endured. I clung to my father's knees, I grasped his beard, I begged him : " O father, to what evil wedding have you brought me ? What bridal songs shall my mother and her women sing in Argos ; what melodies shall resound in the palace of Atreus ? For I perish by your hand. Hades weds me, and not the son of Peleus. You bade me come, since my husband would be Achilles ; and behold, the chariot has brought me to death by sacrifice." When I left Argos my eyes were lowered beneath my thin veil, and I did not bid my sister farewell, nor embrace my little brother Orestes—Orestes, who now is dead. I thought that before long I would return to Mycenæ. O unhappy brother, if you are dead, from what great estate are you fallen ! from the glory of the throne of your fathers !

Beyond man's understanding are the ways of the Goddess, who forbids Her altar to any mortal stained with blood whilst She Herself takes joy in human sacrifice. Latona, the consort of Zeus, was surely never the parent of such inconsistency. Nor could Tantalus ever have offered up to the Gods the flesh of children to their pleasure. The barbarians of this land, lusting for men's blood, charge their own guilt to the Gods. I cannot believe that the Gods are other than good.

(Exit Herdsmen, R.)

C. 1. Dark are the waters where the floods meet ; dark is the tide over which wretched Io, stung by myriad gadflies, as she fled from Argos, crossed from Europe to Asia.

C. 2. O sombre sea, who are the men from distant reedy Eurotas and its silver streams, or from the sacred wells of Dirce? Who are these who have sought this unfriendly shore where Artemis, daughter of Zeus, is honoured in many-columned temples at altars red with human blood?

C. 3. Their double banks of pinewood oars flashed in the sun, and their sails bellied in the breeze as they swept over the waves. Their hearts were eager to amass wealth for their houses as they sped across the waters.

C. 4. Hope is the bane of mortal men, driving them in vague expectation across the sea from one barbarian port to another—an endless pursuit of wealth. Some miss the opportunity of success through ill-judgment, while to others prosperity comes unsought.

C. 5. How did they escape the clashing rocks? How did they pass by the peril of the shores of Phineus? There, on the surge of Amphitrite, the daughters of Nereus dance to their singing on glistening feet.

C. 6. The sail-filling breezes bore them on as their steady rudders creaked, blew the wind south, blew the wind west, past the bird-haunted land, the white beach, the race-course of Achilles, over the inhospitable sea.

C. 1. O that Helen, beautiful daughter of Leda, might be wafted hither from Troy's towering walls! O that my mistress's prayer might be accomplished! Then should the Spartan die at the altar, her tresses damp with a dew of blood; she should die beneath my mistress's hand, and my sufferings should be avenged.

C. 2. What joy it would be were a ship to come from sunny Achaia and put an end to our hapless captivity!

Ah, to be once more in the old home, even in dream, and tread the streets in the city of my fathers and listen to the music in the halls of the princess !

C. 3. The captives come, their wrists in chains, victims to the Goddess. Be silent all !

C. 4. The herd was right. Sons of Hellas approach the temple.

C. 5. Goddess, revered Virgin, if it be that these things are agreeable to thee, accept these sacrifices which are offered publicly, as is the custom of this land, though condemned as unholy among the Argives.

(Enter Orestes and Pylades in chains between two guards, L.)

IPH. It is now my care that the service of the Goddess is duly carried out. *(To the Guards.)* Set free the foreigners' hands. As consecrated victims, they cease to be prisoners. *(To certain of the attendants who go into the temple.)* Go into the temple; prepare all that is required for the rites of sacrifice. What sorrow for the mother who bore you ! Who was your father ? Had you a sister ? What pair of brothers shall she lose in you ! Who can foresee approaching disaster ? The decrees of the Gods move in ways not to be understood by man, and Fortune's lamp is a lure into the dim future. Unhappy strangers, whence do you come ? Ill was the day you sailed to this land, and long shall be your absence from home, ever exiled among the shades below.

OR. Why do you utter such words of lamentation and grieve for our fate, maiden, whoever you may be ? In my deeming there is no praise for the man who, in the face of certain death, strives to excite pity and babbles through dread of the end. He increases his misfortune, is rightly called a fool, and dies in spite

of all. Fate must have her way. Do not weep for us. We are aware of the sacrifices customary here.

IPH. First tell me which of you is called Pylades ?

OR. (*indicating Pyl.*). If it gives you any pleasure, this is he.

IPH. From what state in Achaia do you come ?

OR. What will it gain you to know that, priestess ?

IPH. Are you brothers, born of the same mother ?

PYL. We are not brothers born, but friends.

IPH. What was the name your father gave you ?

OR. He might well have called me Ill-starred.

IPH. I do not ask you that. Your lot is fixed by the Fates.

OR. If we die unknown, we cannot be made mock of.

IPH. Is your pride so high that you refuse your name ?

OR. You may sacrifice my body, but not my name.

IPH. Tell me at least your city.

OR. What will that profit a man doomed to death ?

IPH. Why should you be unwilling to do me this favour ?

OR. Argos is my native land.

IPH. Is that, can that, be true, you come from Argos ?

OR. From Mycenae, once truly called Fortunate.

IPH. Were you driven to sail from your country as an exile, or what venture brought you here ?

OR. It may be said that I am an exile, against my will, yet willing.

IPH. How welcome is your coming !

OR. Not to me. If it please you, I wish you joy of it.

IPH. Will you please tell me certain things I wish to know ?

OR. That can scarcely increase my present misfortune.

IPH. Perhaps you have knowledge of Troy, a name on everyone's lips.

OR. Would that I had never heard of it, even in dreams.

IPH. They say it no longer exists, that it has been utterly destroyed by war.

OR. That is so. You have been told no lies.

IPH. Has Helen returned to the house of Menelaus?

OR. Yes, to the ill luck of one of my kinsmen.

IPH. And where is she now? There is an old, long-standing debt between us.

OR. She dwells at Sparta with her first husband.

IPH. Accursed of all the Achaians, and not by me alone.

OR. I, too, have suffered from that bridal.

IPH. Did all the Argives return as rumoured?

OR. That question contains all questions at once.

IPH. There is much I would learn before you die.

OR. Ask, then, since you wish it, and I will answer.

IPH. Did one Calchas, a seer, return from Troy?

OR. He died in Mycenae, so they say.

IPH. The Goddess be praised! How just! What of Laertes' son?

OR. He is not yet home, though it is said he lives.

IPH. May he perish far from his native land!

OR. Wish him no evil. His troubles are heavy enough as it is.

IPH. Is the son of the Nereid Thetis still alive?

OR. No, he is dead. Empty was his marriage at Aulis.

IPH. It was but a feigned marriage, so those who know assert.

OR. Who are you? You question closely of Argive affairs.

IPH. I came from Achaia, and as a child suffered misfortune.

OR. Now I understand your interest in events there.

IPH. Tell me what happened to that king whom all men called fortunate?

OR. Who is it that you mean? I can recall none with a right to that title.

IPH. There was a certain lord called Agamemnon, son of Atreus.

OR. I cannot tell you; ask no more.

IPH. Stranger, I must know. Tell me, I beg you.

OR. The unhappy man is dead. His death brought with it ruin to others.

IPH. Dead, did you say? How did he die? O sorrow, oh!

OR. Why does that grieve you? Are you of his family?

IPH. (*hesitatingly*). I lament the loss of his prosperity.

OR. He is dead, slain shamefully by a woman.

IPH. O the pity! The slayer and the slain.

OR. Ask no further questions as to him.

IPH. O, one more, I beg you. The wife of the unhappy man, is she still alive?

OR. She lives no more; the son of her body slew her.

IPH. O race of grim calamities! What could have led him to do that?

OR. To avenge on her his father's death.

IPH. Horror! A deed of justice, but an evil deed. It was rightly done.

OR. Though his was justice, the Gods have not been kind to him.

IPH. What other child of Agamemnon's lives ?

OR. One only, the maiden Electra.

IPH. One only ! What of the other, the sacrificed daughter ?

OR. She, being dead, no longer beholds the light of day.

IPH. Unhappy daughter, unhappy father who slew her !

OR. She died in an ill cause—that of a foul woman.

IPH. Is the son of that murdered father still in Argos ?

OR. That wretched man, where may he be ? Everywhere, nowhere.

IPH. (*aside.*) Hence, false vision ! You had no meaning.

OR. The Gods, whom men call all-knowing, are no more true than fleeting dreams. Man has made his gods from himself, thus drawing immeasurable suffering on himself. At the word of a priest he goes to utter ruin, as many a man has found out.

C. 1. Alas, alas, what fate has overtaken our fathers ? Who can tell us ?

IPH. Listen ! I have a plan which may profit both you, strangers, and me at the same time. If all concerned gain by a scheme, the chances of success are more brilliant. Will you consent, if I save your life, to go to Argos and convey a message to my friends there ? I will give you a letter to carry, written by a captive. He pitied me, for he held he died according to the law of the land, and called me not a murderess. There has been no one to go to Argos and deliver my letter. I pray you, do this for me.

You are not of mean birth ; you know Mycenae, and are acquainted with the friends to whom I wish this letter delivered. You will be my messenger, and gain a fair reward, your life. Since Tauris requires a sacrifice, let this other stranger be offered alone as victim to the Virgin.

OR. Your plan, unknown maiden, is cunningly devised, save in one thing. It were grievous to me that this man should be sacrificed. For I am the leader in this adventure ; he is my companion, the sharer of my hardships. That I should oblige you and save my own life at the price of this man's death were most unjust. Let the plan be thus. Give your letter to this man, who will bear it to Argos, and your desire shall be fulfilled. Leave me here to be slain. I can think of nothing more base than that I, having involved my comrade in disaster, should buy my safety with his life. He is my friend ; I wish for him the light of day no less than for myself.

IPH. O great heart ! you come of a noble race. You are a true companion. The last of my kin might be such as you. I am not without a brother, though my eyes may not rest upon him. Since you wish it, this other shall carry my letter, and you shall die. Are you eager to meet your fate ?

OR. Who will sacrifice me ? Who dares this dreadful act ?

IPH. I, for I am the priestess of the goddess.

OR. I do not envy you so disagreeable a duty.

IPH. Need rules us all ; we may not escape.

OR. But do you, a woman, put men to death with the sword ?

IPH. No, no. I shall sprinkle your head with the water of sacrifice.

OR. Who will put me to death? if it is permitted to ask such a question.

IPH. There are men in this temple whose task that will be.

OR. What tomb will receive my body after death?

IPH. A holy flame burns within a wide chasm of rock. That will be your tomb.

OR. Alas that my sister's hand may not close my eyes!

IPH. A vain prayer; her home is far from this barbarian land. I will do all that a sister might do, for you too are an Argive. I will decorate your tomb, I will quench your ashes with yellow oil, and pour on your pyre the sweet riches that the golden mountain bee sucks from the alpine meadows. (*Iph. enters temple.*)

C. 1. We weep for you, destined for the fatal consecration. (*To Orestes.*)

OR. Pity me not, women; rejoice for me!

C. 2. (*To Pylades.*) We rejoice with you, for you will see your native coast again and tread once more your country's earth.

PYL. Rejoice not for me. It is no pleasure when my friend must die.

C. 3. (*To Pyl.*) A sorrow-stricken home-coming!

C. 4. (*To Or.*) Doomed to death, O grief!

C. 5. Our hearts ache for you, most unhappy men.

C. 6. For which shall we lament (*to Or.*) for you, or (*to Pyl.*) for you?

OR. Tell me, Pylades, do you not feel as I do?

PYL. I cannot tell you that—an unanswerable question.

OR. Who can this maiden be? How like an Argive she questioned us on Troy, as to the return of the

Hellenes, of Calchas, the wise seer, and Achilles. How she pitied Agamemnon and sought news of his wife and children ! She must be an Argive. If not, why should she send a letter there, and ask closely as to Argive affairs ? She must come from Argos.

PYL. You express my thoughts exactly. Nevertheless, we must not overlook the truth that all have heard of the fortunes of our chiefs. There is, Orestes, one thing of which she spoke that weighs upon my mind.

OR. What was it ? The telling may make it lighter.

PYL. Am I fallen so low as to live when you die ? I came on this venture to share all risks with you ; so must I die with you. Were I to go back alone, in Argos and in Phocis, they would brand me coward. They would say, for men are unkind, that I returned alone to the dear glens of my home, alone and safe when your house was plunged in adversity ; that I had, not a doubt about it, devised your death so that, your sister being my wife, I should obtain your throne. What bitter shame were that ? I dread it. Moreover, I am your friend, and will breathe my last beside you, be killed with you, and our ashes will be mingled in the same fire.

OR. Hush, hush ! Needs must I bear my own ill fortune ; but heap not another's on me too. " A bitter shame," you call it. What would be my lot if I, the cause of this illhap, leave you to die ? Your estate is great and prosperous ; your house happy, not tainted by unspeakable crime. No curse pursues you. If you escape and wed my sister, whom I promised you, in your children my name may still exist, and the house of my ancestors endure. When you

return to Achaia and Argos I charge you, by this right hand, pile up a tomb to me and place in it memorials of me. My sister shall weep there and lay her shorn tresses on its stone. Tell how I fell at the hand of an Argive woman, who consecrated me to the Goddess with the water of death. Never desert my sister, for she has no other protector.

Now, farewell, dearest of friends, dear fellow hunter ; we have been children together, boys together ! Never far from me, you have borne with me the weight of my sorrow. Phoebus, the false prophet, has deceived us, and with cunning promises has driven me far from Hellas lest he be shamed by the falseness of his predictions. I, persuaded by his words, slew my mother. All I had I surrendered to him ; and now, lured here, I perish.

PYL. You shall have a tomb, and I shall never, my most unhappy friend, be false to your sister. I shall hold you dearer in death than in life. Yet say not that the oracle has brought you to destruction, though you stand so close to death. Misfortune at its worst—at its very worst, I say—may turn if Zeus so wills.

OR. The words of Phoebus have done me no good. See, the priestess returns from the temple.

IPH. (*To her attendants.*) Leave us, and do all that is needed for those who will offer the sacrifice.

(*To Or. and Pyl.*) Here is the letter, strangers ; but hear what I require of you. No man is untouched by danger. What he declares when in fear of death he may forget when the peril has passed. How am I to know whether my letter will ever be delivered, once the messenger is far from this land ?

OR. What do you desire ? Your mind can be at rest.

IPH. Let him swear to me that he will carry duly and safely these writings to Argos ; that he will place them in the hands of him to whom they are addressed.

OR. What terms do you offer him ?

IPH. What terms ? What do you mean ?

OR. That you will procure his escape from this barbarian land.

IPH. How else could he carry the message ?

PYL. Will the ruler of the land agree to this ?

IPH. He will. I will undertake to persuade him. The messenger I will myself see embark upon your ship.

OR. What oath must he swear to you, and you to him ?

IPH. (*To Pyl.*) You must repeat after me : " I will safely deliver this letter to your friends."

PYL. I will safely deliver this letter to your friends.

IPH. And I will send you safely away from the Cyanean rocks.

PYL. What God do you call on as witness to your oath ?

IPH. Artemis, whose priestess I am.

PYL. I swear by Zeus, the dread king of heaven.

IPH. If you break your oath, and wrong me ?

PYL. May I never return to Achaia ! What of yourself if you do not save me ?

IPH. May I never set foot again in Argos !

PYL. One thing we have omitted.

IPH. What may that be ?

PYL. Grant me an exception to the oath. If the ship be lost and the letter, too, in some grim storm, and I save my body alone, can I deliver your letter ?

IPH. Resource must overcome the unforeseen. I will tell you the contents of the letter so that you may repeat it to my friends. Then all will be safe. If you save the letter, you will deliver it ; if you lose it, you will preserve my words.

PYL. That is well spoken. Now tell me to whom I must bear this letter at Argos, and what I must say to them.

IPH. You will go to Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, and say to him : “ Iphigenia, who was thought to be sacrificed at Aulis and to be dead, sends this message to you.”

OR. Where is she ? Has she come back to life from the world of the dead ?

IPH. (*To Or.*) She it is who speaks to you. Do not confuse me by interrupting. (*To Pyl.*) You will say to him : “ She sends this message to you, ‘ Brother, bring me back to Argos from this barbarian land before I die, and free me from the service of the Goddess, to whom I must offer sacrifices of men.’ ”

OR. Pylades, what do I hear ? What shall I say ? Do we dream ?

IPH. “ ‘ If you do not attempt to fetch me, Orestes, I will be a haunting curse to your house for ever.’ ” You have heard the name twice. Do not forget it.

PYL. O Gods !

IPH. Why do you invoke the Gods ?

PYL. Go on, I pray you ; it is nothing.

IPH. Tell him that the Goddess Artemis saved me from the sword of the priest, that a doe was slain in my place, and that I was brought here. That is the contents of this letter.

PYL. You, who have sworn so fairly to save me,

have bound me by an oath easy of fulfilment. Behold I will accomplish my duty. (*To Or.*) Orestes, I bear and deliver to you a letter from your sister.

OR. And I accept it. I will not break the seal as yet, nor show my pleasure in mere words. O dearest sister, I am dumb with wonder. Holding you in my arms, I cannot doubt the marvel, and move towards joy.

C. 1 (*appears in the doorway of the temple*). Rash stranger, sacrilegious man, do you dare pollute the sacred robe of the priestess of Artemis with your impure touch?

OR. O sister, born of the same mother and father, do not reject me. I am your brother, though you did not expect me.

IPH. Are you truly my brother? He is in Argos, or perhaps in Nauplia.

OR. No, unhappy sister; he is not there.

IPH. Was the Spartan, the daughter of Tyndarus, your mother?

OR. She was. And my father the grandson of Pelops.

IPH. Can you prove these assertions?

OR. I can. Ask what you will as to the house of our forefathers.

IPH. No, not mine to ask, but yours to tell.

OR. Electra told me these things; I will mention them first. You know of the strife between the brothers Atreus and Thyestes?

IPH. Yes, about the golden ram.

OR. Well, then, you have not forgotten how you wove it cleverly on the loom?

IPH. Ah, dearest brother, you touch on dear past things.

OR. And on the loom, too, you wove the turning away of the sun.

IPH. Yes, that too I wove. I did it well.

OR. At Aulis our mother gave you a bridal bath.

IPH. Do I not recall it ! I was not deprived of that.

OR. And you clipped a lock from your tresses for my mother to keep.

IPH. Yes, a memorial of my death instead of my wedding.

OR. Now I will speak of things I have seen myself. The ancient spear that Pelops wielded when he slew Œnomaus and won for his bride Hippodamia of Pisa, it stands in your room.

IPH. No more, no more ; you are my brother. I hold you now, Orestes, dearest brother, far from Argos and our native land.

OR. And I hold you, too, sister, whom all thought sacrificed. Tears that are no tears and lamentation which is joy bedew your cheeks and mine alike.

IPH. Brother, whom I left in his nurse's care, a little man in Mycenae's halls, I am fortunate beyond words. What shall I say ? What has befallen is beyond wonder and reason.

OR. May the future bring us happiness in each other's company !

IPH. (*To the chorus.*) What delight is mine, dear friends ! I fear lest he slip from my hands and escape into the air, vanishing into the sky. O home, O hearth which the Cyclops built, O Mycenae, dear country, I thank you for this, my brother's life. I thank you for his youth and upbringing, that he now stands here, the light of our race.

OR. We may be fortunate in our race ; but, O my dear, calamity has smitten our lives with misery.

IPH. Do I not know it ? My father in his madness caused the knife to be laid against my neck.

OR. Ah, horror ; I seem to see it there.

IPH. He pretended that I was to be led with honour and bridal song to be the wife of Achilles, and lo ! I was borne with tears and lamentations to the altar, and anointed as a sacrifice.

OR. How I lament the deed my father dared.

IPH. Fate gave me a father who was no father. One calamity brings another in its train ; such is the will of Zeus.

OR. If you had slain your brother, what grief had been yours.

IPH. What dread grief ! O brother, what frightful deeds I have dared. You have escaped death at my hands by but a little. How will it all end ? What does fate hold in store for me ? How can I devise your escape hence to our native Argos, and place you beyond reach of the sword ? Ah me, ah me, how can it be done ? Think, Orestes, think. Can you go by land and traverse the perils of unknown paths and barbarous tribes ? No, by sea alone can you go, through the Cyanean rocks, a long road. O, I am unhappy ! Tell me, unfortunate, what god or mortal, what unexpected chance, can show a path out of danger, a release from disaster for the surviving children of Atreus.

C. 1. (*To 2.*) To have seen such a wonder with my own eyes is marvellous.

C. 2. (*To 1.*) If anyone had told me of such a thing, I should never have believed it.

PYL. Now, my friends, after long separation it is only natural that you should be much moved. Nevertheless, we must put aside our joy and emotion, and

consider coolly that delightful thing safety, and how we may escape from this inhospitable land. We have surely wisdom enough not to forget the future in the transient joys of the present.

OR. Well spoken, Pylades. Zeus must have some plan for us, and he helps them that help themselves.

IPH. First tell me of Electra ? All that are mine are dear to me.

OR. She is to be married to this man, Pylades, and has happiness in prospect.

IPH. What of him ? Tell me his country. Whose son is he ?

OR. He is of Phocis. His father is Strophius.

IPH. The son of Atreus's daughter, then, and my cousin.

OR. Our cousin and my friend.

IPH. He was not born when I left Argos.

OR. Strophius was for some time childless.

IPH. Welcome, my sister's husband.

OR. He is more than any relation ; he is my preserver.

IPH. How could you commit that deed against our mother ?

OR. Let us not talk of that. I avenged my father.

IPH. Why should she have slain her husband ?

OR. Speak no more of our mother's conduct. It is not fit for you to hear.

IPH. I will ask no more of her. Does not Argos look to you as ruler ?

OR. Menelaus kings it there ; we are exiles.

IPH. Has he reft the throne from you by force ?

OR. Not so. The dread Erinnyes drove me from the land.

IPH. That, then, was the madness of which the

herdsman spoke—the madness which seized you by the shore.

OR. Not for the first time were we beset thus.

IPH. I understand. The Erinnyes assail you on account of our mother.

OR. And curb my speed with a blood-stained bit.

IPH. Why did you come to this coast ?

OR. The oracles of Phoebus directed me hither.

IPH. What was their aim ? May it be revealed, or is it to remain hidden ?

OR. There is no secret from you. It is a long tale, and one of troubles. Of the evil which touches our mother I will say nothing save that I was forced to it. We were harried forth from Argos by the incessant attacks of the Furies, who, unrelenting, pursued me from land to land till Apollo sent me to Athens to take my trial before the Gods whose names may not be uttered. There on Ares' hill is an ancient sacred tribunal, which almighty Zeus established for the trial of Ares, polluted by blood. At Athens, when I set foot there, no man would willingly receive me, for I was held to be accursed by heaven. Some, through respect for my house and pity for my state, gave me food at a table apart, and barred from all converse with any of the household. From their eating, drinking, talk, from all their daily life, they kept me out. As the wine passed merrily, a separate cup came to me in silence. It was not fitting that I should blame my hosts. I grieved in silence, taking no notice, so I pretended, of the stigma cast on me. I went to the Wargod's hill, and stood my trial alone and apart. The most ancient of the Erinnyes was the Accuser ; Phoebus bore witness in my defence. Pallas with impartial hand counted equal votes, for

and against. I was acquitted on the charge of murder. The Erinnyes were divided. Those who acquiesced in the decision hold their habitation about the Wargod's hill ; those that rejected the verdict goaded me on from desolation to desolation until I found myself once more on ground holy to Phoebus. I cast myself before his altar. I refused all food, and swore to lie there till I died, unless the God himself, whose oracles had been my bane, deigned to save me. The voice of Phoebus came from his golden tripod. It bade me set my sails for Tauris, and from this land bear away the statue of Artemis which had fallen from heaven and set it up in Athens. Sister, help us obtain the safety which the God promised me. When we have the statue in our possession madness will leave me. You too will embark in our ship of many oars, and we will bring you in safety to Mycenae. Sister, long lost and now found, save the home of our fathers ! I and all the children of Pelops are utterly lost if we cannot seize the image of the Virgin.

CHOR. Dreadful is the anger of heaven, which has destroyed generation after generation of the children of Tantalus.

IPH. How I have longed, brother, to go back to Argos and see your face once more ! Now I wish for nothing more than to free you from your woe. The man who would have slain me is dead ; I bear him no further ill will, but desire to raise from its ruins our father's house. I would not see my hands stained with the blood of your sacrifice, but will do what I can to save our race from destruction. I fear lest the Goddess hinder us, and that the king will perceive the absence of the image before we can escape. Shall I not be put to death ? What pretext can I devise ?

You will not only steal away the image on board your swift bark, but take me with you as well. What will I not risk for freedom? Yet, if I cannot escape with the statue, I shall inevitably be doomed to perish. You, if you can make your way home with the image, will be saved from the Erinnyes. I shrink from no danger, even that of a violent death, if I can secure your safe return. A man is the pillar of his house, but a woman is of little account.

OR. I would not have your life on my hands as well as my mother's; one woman's blood is enough. Let me share life with you, and, dying, meet death with you. If by hook or by crook I can get away from this country, I take you with me—back to our home. If you cannot escape, I shall die with you. Listen to me! If the stealing of her image were displeasing to Artemis, how is it that Phoebus bade me carry it to the city of Pallas? Nay, he brought me hither to see your face once more. And behold, sister, we are once more united. Zeus will surely grant us a safe voyage home.

IPH. How can we attempt to carry off the statue and avoid espial and death—that is the difficulty to be overcome before we can sail for the Hellespont.

OR. Is there any way of killing the king?

IPH. A dreadful deed to murder my host.

OR. To save us both?

IPH. I could never do it. Yet I admire the boldness of the thought.

OR. Then hide me secretly in the temple here.

IPH. You mean that we should take advantage of darkness and make our escape by night?

OR. Night is the time for thieves; the day for truth.

IPH. Watchmen are stationed in the temple whom we could not evade.

OR. Our case looks desperate. What do you suggest?

IPH. I think I have found a feasible plan.

OR. What can it be? Women are cunning tricksters.

IPH. I will use your troubles as a stratagem.

OR. Did I not say so? She were no woman without ruses.

IPH. I will declare you to be a matricide from Argos.

OR. Say what you will if it accomplish our escape.

IPH. I shall declare that it is not lawful to offer you to the Goddess.

OR. Why? Ah, I see your intention.

IPH. Because you are unclean. I may sacrifice only that which is clean.

OR. How will that help us to gain the image of the Goddess?

IPH. I shall assert that the sea alone can cleanse you.

OR. Nevertheless, we shall not have obtained the statue for which we sailed from Argos.

IPH. That will require cleansing too, for we shall claim that you have touched it with polluting hands.

OR. Where shall we go for the purification? To some near inlet of the sea?

IPH. To where your ship is moored with stout ropes to the shore.

OR. Who shall carry the image? You, or who else?

IPH. I shall, for I alone may touch it.

OR. And Pylades?

IPH. He shares your uncleanness.

PYL. Shall we attempt this plan unknown to the king?

IPH. I must beguile him first. We could not get away undetected.

OR. Our swift ship awaits us. One wild dash with rapid oars and we are safe.

IPH. That, brother, will be your affair.

PYL. One thing more. These women must keep our plans secret. Can you trust them? Implore them to be silent. A woman knows how to excite pity. Then may all be well.

IPH. (*To Chor.*) I look to you for help, dearest women. Our fate is in your hands to make or mar. To mar, and take from me all chance of seeing once more my home, and my sister, and wrest from me my dearest brother. Listen, I beg you, to my appeal. We are women. Women hold together, and may be trusted to keep hidden their common secret from strange men. Be silent on our behalf, and do what you may to aid us in our escape. Honour belongs to those who rule their tongues. Think how one slip may destroy three people dear to each other; for if we cannot escape, we are doomed to death.

(*To Chor. 1*). If I am saved, be sure I shall not forget you, but will send a ship to bring you back to Achaia, (*to Chor. 2*) and you, (*to Chor. 3*) and you, (*to rest of Chor.*) and you all. By my right hand I swear it. I beseech you by your right hand, you by your fair face, you by your knees, you all by all you hold most dear, for you have fathers, mothers, brothers, husbands, children. Speak, I pray you. Aid us. You will, for who could not? If you refuse, we are lost and must die.

C. 1. Take comfort, sweet mistress; let your heart be at rest. All that you have told us shall be kept secret by us—Zeus be our witness.

IPH. May you be blessed for those words! May good fortune ever attend you! (*To Or. and Pyl.*) Now you must go into the temple, for the king will come presently to enquire whether the sacrifice is consummated. (*They enter the temple.*) Artemis, revered virgin, who didst save me in the grove of Aulis from the hand of my father, save me now, and save these men too; nor let the lips of Apollo, Thy brother, be made false through Thee. Mayest Thou be propitious, and may it please Thee to depart from this land and take up Thy abode in Athens! It is not seeming that Thou shouldst keep Thy dwelling here among a barbarous people, when Thou canst receive the worship of a city which has been blessed by fortune. (*Enters the temple.*)

C. 1. Beneath the grim cliffs, to the rhythmic music of the never silent sea, the halcyon bewails her fate. In endless dirge she mourns her husband lost.

C. 2. Captives, without wings for flight, we match our lament to hers, mourning those we have lost.

C. 3. Our hearts are at the feast days of Achaia, and languish to see once more that Artemis the blest who dwells on the Cynthian hill——

C. 4. Where the palm-tree grows and the laurel spreads its bush and the dark olive, sacred to Latona in her pain, throws its twisted shade.

C. 5. Where on her lake the widening ripple rides and the swan's clear song rises in honour of the Muses.

C. 6. The tears have furrowed my cheeks since the day when the foemen stormed our walls and I was

torn away from my home to be carried over the sea in the galleys of the barbarian.

C. 1. I was sold in base chaffer and cheaping to become a slave in a distant kingdom ; a slave to the priestess of the holy Huntress ; a slave at an altar red with the blood of our countrymen.

C. 2. I have envied the lot of her who was under a curse, and a mate of calamity, who shows no suffering, so long has she been yoked with sorrow. Oh, misfortune is bitter coming on the heels of prosperity !

C. 3. An Argive ship, revered mistress, will bear you with its fifty oars to your home ; Pan on his mountain shall play a joyful melody on his waxed reed pipes. The oarsmen, as they hark to it, will row cheerily ; and Phoebus, the far-sighted, will sing to his seven-stringed lyre as you come nigh to favoured Attica.

C. 4. We shall be here still, as your boat ploughs the foam ; the long oars dip in the deep blue waves, the sails belly out in the breeze, as you speed, as you speed on your way.

C. 5. Would that I might follow the glittering track o'er which the bright fiery sun moves day after day ! The wide wings on my shoulders should fly never tiring till over the home roof I dipped to the earth.

C. 6. Once more I would take my place in the dance, as a bridesmaid when chieftain is wedded to princess. Then should we turn in bright bands of companions, rivals and friends in charms and display. Brooches of gold and elegant ornaments deck our light draperies, and a long floating veil half eclipses our curls.

(Enter Thoas, L. followed by attendants.)

THOAS. Where is the Argive, the keeper of this temple ? Has sacrifice been made of the two

foreigners ? Do their bodies burn in the flame of the abyss ?

CHOR. O King, she comes, and will herself tell you all.

(Iphigenia appears in the temple doorway, the statue of Artemis in her arms.)

THOAS *(horried)*. Ah ! Why do you carry in your arms the statue of the Goddess ? Why do you move it from its sacred, inviolable seat ?

IPH. King, enter no further in the temple ground !

THO. What has occurred, Iphigenia ?

IPH. Zeus preserve us ! Things of ill omen.

THO. What is this ? Tell me clearly.

IPH. The victims you took captive were not pure ; they were unclean, Thoas.

THO. How do you know that ? Is this a guess, or is it certain ?

IPH. The image of the Goddess turned its back on them.

THO. What ! Of its own accord, or did an earthquake move it ?

IPH. Of its own accord, and it shut its eyes.

THO. Why ? Why ? What could the foreigners have done ?

IPH. They have done most impious things.

THO. When ? How ? Did they kill anyone on the shore ?

IPH. They are charged with the murder of one of their own family.

THO. Whom did they murder ? I must know this.

IPH. Their swords were plunged in a mother's breast.

THO. Apollo ! No one here would have dared such a thing.

IPH. They have been driven from every city in Hellas for their crime.

THO. Do you carry the image out of the temple because of this?

IPH. Yes, that the pure air of heaven may clean it.

THO. How did you learn of the uncleanness of these men?

IPH. When the image turned itself away I questioned these two foreigners narrowly.

THO. Argos reared a clever woman in you to have laid bare these misdeeds.

IPH. The news they brought me was a snare for my soul.

THO. Some tidings to tempt you of your friends in Argos.

IPH. Orestes, my brother, is well and happy.

THO. They would save their lives by lying to you.

IPH. My father is alive and prospers.

THO. You know your duty to the goddess.

IPH. Yes, and I hate Achaia, that was my ruin.

THO. What are we to do with these foreigners?

IPH. We must treat them according to the law.

THO. Have you not water of purification and the sword?

IPH. First they must be washed clean of all sin.

THO. In the clear water of the fountain or in the salt water of the sea?

IPH. The sea washes away all the evil from men.

THO. Would their sacrifice be acceptable then to the goddess?

IPH. That is the right manner of preparing them.

THO. The sea surf beats against the temple wall.

IPH. This must be done in solitude, unseen.

THO. Go where you will. I would not disturb forbidden sights.

IPH. The statue, too, must be cleansed.

THO. Certainly if the matricide has polluted it.

IPH. Otherwise, I should not have taken it from its place.

THO. Your piety is a right guide.

IPH. One thing yet you must do to these men.

THO. Name it.

IPH. Load these foreigners with chains.

THO. Whither can they escape, if escape they can, from your guard?

IPH. No Hellen can be trusted.

THO. (*To one of his guards.*) Haste you and bring fetters for these prisoners.

IPH. Order that the foreigners shall be brought this way (*points L.*).

THO. It shall be done.

IPH. Their heads must be covered with cloaks.

THO. To hide their faces from the sun.

IPH. Send some of your guards with me.

THO. These shall attend you.

IPH. Despatch one to give warning to the city.

THO. Wherefore?

IPH. That all keep to their houses.

THO. To avoid contamination by the unclean?

IPH. Yes, for that were pollution.

THO. Go and give this warning! (*To a guard.*)

IPH. Warn all your friends.

THO. Why this to me more than others?

IPH. None may come within view.

THO. You take thought for the city.

IPH. Have I not good reason?

THO. And the city good reason for admiring your care.

IPH. You, O king, will remain here in the temple for the service of the goddess——

THO. To do what ?

IPH. Purify the court with fire.

THO. That you may return to a purified shrine.

IPH. Hark, when the foreigners come forth from the temple you will cast your cloak over your eyes.

THO. Thus avoiding contamination.

IPH. Heed not if the cleansing seem long in doing.

THO. How long am I to wait ?

IPH. Be not anxious, whatever happen.

THO. Attend to the needful rites of the goddess with due solemnity.

IPH. Oh that this purification may succeed as I intend !

THO. My prayers are added to yours.

(Orestes and Pylades enter between guards, and followed by temple attendants, laden with the decorations from the altar and the statue, carrying lambs for sacrifice, etc. All not in the procession cover their heads with their cloaks, or with the hem of their dress and stand aside.)

IPH. The foreigners now come forth from the temple. The ornaments of the goddess must be cleansed with blood. By slaughter I must clean from slaughter, and with fire and water.

I warn all of the city to keep aloof from this pollution. If there be present a warden of a temple or a bridegroom on the way to his wedding, or a wife who would become a mother—these who must remain clean, let them get hence far from contamination.

O heavenly virgin, daughter of Zeus and Latona, if I wash away in the cleansing waters of the sea the guilt from these men, and if we sacrifice where we have

been directed to sacrifice, Thou, O Queen, wilt dwell in a pure temple, and fortune will bless us. All that remains to be done is known to the holy Gods and to thee, Artemis.

(Iph. leads Orestes and Pylades with the guards and attendants away R. Thoas and the rest, except the chorus, enter the temple.)

C. 1. We give praise to the son of Latona, whose locks are gleaming bright like gold.

C. 2. His mother bore him in the smiling valley on Delos. His fingers are skilled in playing the lyre, and his pride is in the deadly aim of the archer.

C. 3. He left the sweet isle of his birth, and crossed the bosom of the shoreless waters, till he came to Parnassus.

C. 4. On its peak Dionysus holds revel, and beneath the shade of a laurel crouched darkly a many-hued dragon, huge offspring of earth—the guardian of the well of knowledge.

C. 5. Scarce hadst Thou left Thy mother's arms, O Phoebus, still wert Thou a little child, when Thou didst slay the monster and sip of the well of knowledge.

C. 6. Thou didst take Thy seat on the golden throne that permits no deception, and Thou givest answers to those who question by the fragrant banks of Castalia's streams, the centre of the home of man.

C. 1. Lo, Earth, to avenge her daughter Themis, whom Phoebus drove into darkness, sent to mortals during the witch hours of night terrible visions, drawing aside the veil over the past and the future.

C. 2. Angry Earth would deprive the young god of his honour, but the Prince of Bowmen on swift feet sped to Olympus. He placed his hands on the throne of his father, and prayed him to dispel the wrath of

Earth and put an end to the visions which came in darkness.

C. 3. Smiling, Almighty Zeus beheld the child a suppliant at his feet, and gave his promise that Phoebus should have the Pythian shrine and that the visions and the dreams should cease. Smiling, the Great God bowed his assent.

C. 6. Honour was given once more to Loxias, the bestower of oracles, and multitudes seek his throne.

(Enter one of the guards who had accompanied Orestes and Pylades.)

GU. Ho, keepers of the temple ! Ho, priests of the altar ! tell me where I may find Thoas, the king of this land. Throw open your doors and summon the king.

C. 4. What may it be, if I may know ?

GU. The scheming daughter of Agamemnon has fled with the two young men, and they carry off the holy image in their ship.

C. 5. This tale is scarcely to be believed. The king has gone away.

C. 6. Yes, he has left the temple.

GU. Where has he gone ? Which way ? He must be told.

C. 1. We do not know. You must find him quickly and tell him this grave news.

GU. Traitors are you all, faithless women. You have all a part in this plot.

C. 2. You are mad. What can we have to do with the flight of these foreigners ?

C. 3. Go as swiftly as you can to the royal palace. The king is surely there.

GU. I will not budge till I know whether the king be in the temple or no. *(Hammers at the temple door.)*

Ho, within there ; open the gate, let down the bar !
Tell our master that I am here, a messenger of woe.

(Thoas comes out of the temple, attended by the rest of his guard, temple priests.)

THO. What is this unseemly din in the sacred precincts of the Goddess ? Who dares come shouting and knocking at the gates ?

GU. These women made out, and they were trying to get me away from the temple, that you were not here, whereas you were here after all.

THO. Why do you suspect them of that ?

GU. I will tell you later why they did it. First listen to the bad news I bring. That young woman who was minister at the altar here—Iphigenia—she has run away, left the country, gone off with the foreigners, and the sacred image with them. The tale of purification was a trick.

THO. What do you say ? May an ill wind blow her back !

GU. She would save Orestes. It is amazing.

THO. Who is he ? That must be the son of Clytemnestra.

GU. The man who was to be consecrated as a victim to the Goddess.

THO. I know not what to think.

GU. Listen to me, and tell us how to capture the foreigners.

THO. Tell your tale. They have no swift means of escaping my power.

GU. We had hardly reached the seashore, where, out of sight, Orestes's ship was moored, when the priestess, the daughter of Agamemnon, made signs to us—whom you had sent with them to bear the fetters on the strangers—to go some distance away,

as she was going to perform the rites of purification by water and fire. She took the ends of the chains in her hands, and went with the foreigners down to the shore. We might have been suspicious then, O Lord, but no doubt disturbed your soldiers' minds as yet. After a while we heard her voice raised in chanting words we could not understand, which we took to be a magic rite, to wash away the guilt of murder. After we had sat there some time, unable to see what they were doing, we became afraid lest the foreigners should kill the priestess and attempt to escape. Yet the dread of seeing what is forbidden held us in silence. At last, however, we were all agreed to go down to the sea, although she had forbidden us to do so. When we came to the place where they had gone we saw the hull of an Argive ship with fifty oarmen, oars ready at the rowlocks, and the two foreigners free from their fetters. Sailors at the stern drew in the hawsers, others steadied the bows with long spars, others again let down ladders into the sea. Heedless of their threats, we seized the priestess and grasped the stern moorings, and, plunging into the sea, tried to drag the steering oars through the rudder ports. We shouted to them: "Who are you, and what right have you to steal away our priestess and our sacred image? Of what race are you who smuggle away this woman from our land?" He answered: "Orestes, the brother of this woman, the son of Agamemnon, am I. Hark to me, all of you! I am taking back to her home my sister whom I lost long years ago." We heeded him not, but kept our hold on the priestess and attempted to force her away from the ship. Then it was we gained these ill blows on our faces. They were weaponless; nor had we arms in our hands.

We fought with our fists, and the young warriors smote us evilly, and we gave way. We fled before them with bleeding heads and blinded eyes. We stood on the cliffs and rained stones upon them. Meanwhile the men on the ship had got them bows, and drove us back with flights of arrows. A great sea had arisen, and a terrible surf drove the ship constantly towards the rocks. The young woman was afeared to wet her feet, and the man Orestes picked her up, placed her on his shoulder and, wading through the wild sea, carried her to the ladder. He leaped aboard the well-oared ship, bearing with him his sister and the image of Artemis which fell long ago from heaven. From the midst of the ship there came a mighty voice crying : " O mariners from Achaia, seize your oars and cleave the white foam, for we have gained the things we came for across the Euxine and past the Symplegades." The rowers gave a great shout and plunged the oars in the brine. The ship shot out into the bay ; but, as it cleared the haven's mouth, a huge sea met it and heaved it back stern foremost and a terrible blast drove it again towards the shore. Like giants they strove, but the towering waves ever forced the boat nearer and nearer the reefs. The daughter of Agamemnon rose up and prayed : " O daughter of Latona, convey, I pray thee, Thy priestess in safety back to Argos from this barbarian land, and grant us grace of our thefts. Even as Thou lovest Thy brother, O Deity, so do I love mine." The sailors chanted a paeon to the virgin's prayers as their bare backs bent over the oars. Yet closer and closer the ship drew to the rocks, till one man leaped down into the water and another let down twisted knots of rope. Then I was sent to tell you, O king, the tidings.

Hasten now, Lord. Let us carry ropes and gyves to the shore, for if the storm do not go down quickly, and the sea become smooth and calm, the foreigners can have no chance of escape. Great Poseidon, Lord of the Sea, was a friend to Troy and a foe to the sons of Pelops. Now He will place into your hands the son of Agamemnon and his sister, the faithless priestess, who has forgotten how she was delivered from death at Aulis.

C. 1. O unhappy Iphigenia, falling a second time into the mercy of the barbarians, you will die a painful death!

THO. Citizens of Tauris, go quickly to the shore, seize the wreckage of this Argive ship, and, with the aid of our Goddess, hunt down these sacrilegious men. Some of you man swift boats. We will capture them on sea and on land. They shall all die, hurled from the cliff edge or impaled on stakes. (*To the Chor.*) As for you women, accomplices in this plot, we will punish you at leisure. Now let us be swift; no further delay.

(*Pallas Athene appears in the air at the back. All cover their bowed heads.*)

PALLAS. Hold, King Thoas! Listen to the words of Athene, who stands before you! To what end do you give orders for pursuit? Cease your preparations! Call back your armed men! Know that Orestes came hither at Apollo's order to evade the ill will of the Furies, to seek out his sister and take her back to her native land, and to bear the sacred image to my kingdom. These are our commands to you. It is vain to dream of capturing Orestes at the water's brink, and of putting him to death; Poseidon, for my sake, has already calmed the sea, and has given him a favourable tide.

(*Speaking to distant Orestes.*) Orestes, you have heard my orders, for the voice of a god is heard, however far away. Depart, taking your sister with you and the statue as well. When you shall have come once more to the godlike city of Athens, there you will find a sacred place on the uttermost borders of the realm, opposite to the rock of Carystus, which men of my land call Halae. There you shall build a temple in which to house the sacred statue of Artemis. You shall call the temple after the Tauric land, in commemoration of your sorrows and your wanderings, when you were driven through Achaia by the malice of the Erinnyes. There in that fane shall men sing hymns to Artemis Tauropolos. You shall establish this custom in thanksgiving for your deliverance from death, that a feast shall be held when a sword shall be placed against a man's throat, and blood shall be offered to the Virgin Goddess, and due honour shall be paid Her.

Iphigenia, do you dwell on the holy slopes of Brauron and be warden of this temple, where you shall be buried at your death. To you shall be dedicated the garments of wives who died in childbirth.

These Argive women must be sent back to their homes. 'Tis only just. Orestes, once I saved you on the hill of the Wargod, counting votes for and against you. The numbers were equal, and I cast for you. Lo! I award as the custom of the land that he who receives equal votes at his trial shall be given the decision. Son of Agamemnon, carry your sister swiftly from this land. Thoas, contain your wrath.

THOAS. O Queen Athene, I may not go against the commandments of the Gods, nor am I wrath with Orestes, even though he has borne off his sister and

the holy image of Artemis. What may a man profit in striving with puissant gods? Let them depart unhindered to Thy land, and may they erect the statue with due honour and with good omens. I will also send these women back to Achaia the Fortunate, according to Thy command. The spear which I have raised and the oars which I have sent forth against these foreigners I will recall. For this is Thy desire, O Goddess.

PALLAS. I commend your decision. Necessity is your master, even as it is the master of the gods in high heaven. Breezes, go forth and waft the son of Agamemnon to Athens. I will go there in your company to guard the sacred image of my sister.

(*To the Chor.*) You, O faithful women, shall speed soon towards Achaia. Fate prosper you!

C. 1. Pallas Athene, revered by gods and men, your commands shall be fulfilled.

C. 2. Our ears have heard unhopèd-for words of deliverance.

C. 3. O holy victory, may my life be ever in thy care, and my brows encircled by thy crown.



Furwängler-Reichhold, Griechische Vasenmalerei.

[Orestes and Electra kill Aegisthus (*right*) in the presence of Clytemnestra (*left*). Note the hat and short cloak worn by the man on the left; the peplos, coiffure, and double-headed axe of Clytemnestra; the sword and armour of Orestes; and the long cloak and beard of Aegisthus.]

ADDENDA

I. The Children of Tantalus and the War against Troy.

THE RACE OF TANTALUS WAS ACCURSED.

King Tantalus had been the darling of the Gods. Fortune smiled on him, and the Immortals deigned to dine at his table. He offered them what he held dearest. He gave them to eat of the flesh of his own son; but when Zeus knew of it he laid a curse on Tantalus and all his house, and the unfortunate King was condemned to eternal punishment in Hades. He stands for ever in a pool up to his neck in the water of Hell. Fruit trees heavy with their ripe burden bend towards him. Thirst and a gnawing hunger gripe his bowels, and his eager fingers stretch up to clutch the luscious bunches. But the branches fly back out of reach, and the water dries up.

Pelops of the Ivory Shoulder, son of Tantalus, came to Pisa, and, by trickery, vanquished Oenomaus, its lord, in a chariot race. He espoused the dead King's daughter and became master of the Peloponnese (the peninsula of Pelops).

His sons Atreus and Thyestes were bitter enemies. Thyestes treated his brother with black treachery, stealing from him the Ram with the Golden Fleece, the gift of Hermes, and stealing his wife too. Atreus wrought a frightful revenge. Aegisthus, son of Thyestes, murdered his uncle on the temple steps; and Agamemnon and Menelaus, adopted sons of Atreus, slew Thyestes.

Agamemnon of Mycenae ruled in Argos ; and Menelaus, by right of marriage with Helen, daughter of Leda and Tyndarus (or, says legend, of Zeus himself), was King of Sparta. Agamemnon wedded Clytemnestra, Helen's twin, by force ; whereas Helen chose Menelaus from a multitude of suitors, who numbered amongst them all the great princes of the Argives. The rejected suitors swore to come to the aid of the chosen husband if any should steal from him Helen by force or by guile. Paris, named also Alexander, a son of Priam, King of rich Troy in Asia Minor, whose father had cast him out as the future destroyer of Ilion (Troy), persuaded Helen to flee with him from Sparta.

At the summons of Menelaus, the rejected suitors came, according to their oath. The chosen meeting place was Aulis, a bay on the mainland, protected by the long island of Euboea, and the chosen leader was Agamemnon, the most powerful of all.

The winds, however, blew adversely along the narrow Euboian sea ; for Agamemnon, though a man considerate of the Gods' wishes at most times, had forgotten a rash oath made when he wedded Clytemnestra. Until this was fulfilled, until his daughter Iphigenia had been offered to the Virgin Huntress, Goddess of the Moon, the Achaian armada might not leave for Troy.

The story of the offering is the theme of " Iphigenia in Aulis."

For ten long years the Achaians warred beneath the lofty walls of Ilion. At last victory came ; Troy was burned to the ground, her captains and soldiers put to the sword, her widows and daughters allotted among the Lords of Achaia. Agamemnon returned home—to find death.

Clytemnestra had never forgiven him the sacrifice of her daughter, and took as lover Aegisthus to rule in Argos. On the true King's home-coming, she and Aegisthus slew him foully. Orestes was hurriedly borne away to Phocis, where he was received and educated by the King Strophius, his uncle by marriage. When he was grown to early manhood his death was bruited abroad, but he returned with Pylades to his sister Electra at Argos. Aegisthus and Clytemnestra were offering a thanksgiving for his death, when Orestes, Pylades, and Electra came upon them. The young man slew them both, the assassin of his grandfather and of his father, and his terrible mother too.

At the moment the people held the matricides besieged in the palace, Menelaus arrived with Helen and his daughter Hermione. Orestes and his companions made their escape by seizing Hermione and threatening to kill her. Though the avenger of his father's murder, he was a matricide; and the chill Erinnyes tormented him with delusions, haunted him, and hunted him from shore to shore.

The finding of his eldest sister and his liberation from the Furies are the theme of "Iphigenia in Tauris." With the acquisition of the statue of Artemis the curse passed. Orestes became lord of Mycenae and Argos, wedded Hermione, widow of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, became King of Sparta on the death of Menelaus, and ruled his great domains in peace till, at an advanced age, he died of a serpent's bite.

Helen, after the death of Menelaus, was driven from Sparta, and in the end met a miserable death at the hands of the widow of one who lost his life at Troy.

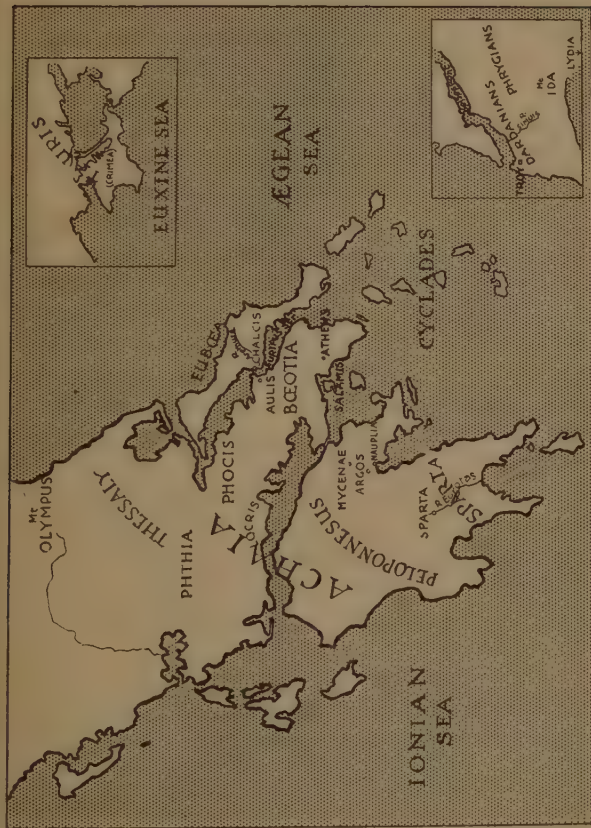
The story of Tantalus reads like one of human sacrifice at a time when public opinion was veering away from such offerings, unless, and exceptionally, of captives. The sacrifice of a King's children was, in ancient times, not unusual if the numerous legends telling of it are any indication. The two episodes of the plays deal with human sacrifice from different points of view. In each episode it is suggested that human sacrifice is a fearful deed, especially for a father to sacrifice his child or a sister her brother ; but it may nevertheless be necessary. It must be borne in mind that Euripides himself was thoroughly sceptical as to religious rites.

II. *The Ancient Greek Drama and Theatre.*

Picture to yourself a score or so of dancers gathered together about an altar, moving in slow patterns with graceful gestures, as they go chanting a hymn to the honour of Paeon. Paeon was Apollo, and in this dance and song of jubilation lay the germ of the drama.

About two thousand seven hundred years ago there came into Hellas from the East, from Asia, a new god. Women in particular were his worshippers, and at his festivals the hills were haunted by bands of ecstatic females, who, in the fury of their adoration, knew not what they did. They danced, made music, sang, tore kids to pieces, or bulls, or even men. The god possessed them—the new god of exaltation, of inspiration, of intoxication ; the Son of God, the twice-born, who went down to hell and rose again ; the child of the Virgin, the divine babe Iacchos.

In his honour Pisistratus of Athens instituted a festival which took place at the end of March or the



ACHAIA, TAURIS, AND TROY.

beginning of April, at the onset of the Spring, the feast of the Greater Dionysia. At this festival, above all, the sacred chorus wove dances and chanted lamentations for one dead, and jubilations for one arisen. A rhapsode, a teller of heroic tales, was joined to the dancers. He stood upon a table on the far side of the altar, and told a tale of heroic death to the chanting of the chorus. The chant and the tale were linked by a dialogue between the actor and the leader of the chorus, the coryphaeus. The lamentation sung by the goatherds (the goat is the enemy of the young vine) or the sowers of grain (Dionysus is said to have been a god of beer before being a divinity of wine) became gradually a tragedy, in which three actors and four chorus leaders shared the dialogue. The actors on the stage and the chorus below gathered about the altar; while beyond rose tier after tier of seats filled with the people in their thousands.* The plays went on all day. It was the duty, the pleasure, and the ostentation of rich men to provide the actors and the chorus and the costumes. So vast was the audience that, to make himself seen and heard, the puny actor raised himself on buskins and spoke through a funnel hidden in a mask.

The tragedy so formed commonly opened with a prologue explaining the situation. It usually contained a debate, not to say a quarrel. It was inevitably a vehicle of lamentation, and not infrequently was made to end happily through the intervention of a deity, who made his appearance either on a raised stage at the back of the main stage or on a contraption which was projected slowly over the stage, the

* The theatre at Athens is said to have been capable of seating 10,000; that at Ephesus over 50,000.

machina in Latin, so the *deus ex machina*. First on, after the prologue, and last off were the chorus whose songs had often little to do with the argument of the play, but formed a background against which the action took form.

III. *Euripides and His Times.*

Euripides lived at Athens in the heroic period of history, when the relatively few and disunited Hellens turned on the vast Persian Empire, and routed its imperial army at Marathon and its fleet at Salamis. Tragedy had been rapidly moulded into literature by Aeschylus and Sophocles ; the former was a man when Euripides was born, the latter a lad. Philosophy was dominated by Socrates, and questioning was in the air. Euripides was clear-headed and sceptical, presenting his divine and heroic characters in very human forms, much to the irritation of the conservatives of his time (see Aristophanes, " The Frogs ").

The better aristocrats of Athens passed their lives in public duties, athletics, and intellectual pleasures, much as the best specimens of gentlemen did in England a century or so back ; the worser lived according to their lights. The mercantile, farming, and working classes were much the same as any merchants, farmers, and workmen anywhere. With the exception of those sent to the great silver mines of Laurium, slaves had a very tolerable time.

Women in Homeric times, over 3000 years ago, were free to come and go, and were nearly on an equal footing with men, except in war. But in Athens, seven centuries later, they were prisoners in the harem, hedged in by innumerable " Don'ts." That is why Achilles is represented as shocked when Clytemnestra

speaks to him, horrified when she threatens to touch him. That is why Iphigenia does not plead her own cause with the hero. Priestesses and courtesans enjoyed freedom from these restrictions. Girls married early ; Iphigenia in Aulis was 13-14 years old.

Individual and family sentiments were expected to yield to the needs of the state (see Iphigenia's self-sacrifice on these grounds). The city was the unit, not the land or the kingdom, even for the barbarians of Tauris. A man was more important than a woman or a child ; his value to the state was definitely positive and active.

Mingled with the manners of these times, the habits of an earlier age assert themselves in the tragedies. Then every landowner was a " basileus." In the absence of King Odysseus (Ulysses) from little Ithaca it was easy to find forty suitors of rank to espouse Queen Penelope, and King Odysseus was a good ploughman, while his father King Laertes was a clever fruit-farmer. Agamemnon was " King of Men," but he was not expected to take important decisions without holding a general council of all the tribes and their leaders, a " Thing " at which any might speak. The reminiscences of Nestor in the Iliad show that the wars which these kings directed, like the wars of the ancient Irish, were largely cattle-lifting raids, or piracy on viking lines.

IV. *Costume.*

Ancient Greek costumes combined simplicity and grace. At the time of the Trojan war garments were made of wool ; in fact, Homeric heroes have been called " savages in blankets." A few centuries later linen was commonly used, and in the time of Euripides

the wealthy young nobles occasionally wore silk from China. The island of Amorgos was famed for its fine, almost transparent, linen, which draped in most elegant folds. In the course of centuries dress altered comparatively little: women wore the peplos, sometimes with a mantle; the men wore the long or the short chiton and/or a cloak.

It was usual, on Greek vases and in Greek sculpture, to represent Homeric characters in fine linen. The modern producer might do worse than follow this example.

Iphigenia and her attendants should wear the peplos. This was, briefly, a sheet folded about the body, the fold coming under the left arm and down the left side. The right side was open. The upper edge was usually folded over, and then fastened over each shoulder by means of large brooches. A girdle was worn about the waist, and a second large fold was drawn up through this girdle and fell to the knees. The skirt came to the ground or to the ankles. The dimensions of this oblong piece of linen would be about 2 yards by $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, or even 3 yards. The width was ample, and allowed plentiful draping. For active work the skirt edge was tucked into the girdle. The women from Chalcis would wade to the shore from the boats in this manner. Variants of the peplos might have the side sewn from hem to the waist, or along the shoulders, as far even as the elbow. In these cases they would not be so ample, and would be, more truly, examples of the long chiton.

The long chiton was something like a nightshirt, with no sleeves and a round open neck. The short chiton did not fall below the knee, whereas the long chiton fell to the ankles. The chiton worn by the



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Examples of the peplos, fastened over the shoulders with
brooches.

knights and warriors came about half way down the thigh ; that worn by workmen and slaves to the knee. The form called *exomis* was open on the right side as far as the waist, and could be fastened on the right shoulder with a brooch ; it was very generally left open, so as to leave the right arm quite free.

The mantle or cloak was another oblong piece of linen or wool about 2 yards wide and 3 or 4 long. It was put on by bringing one corner from the back over the left shoulder ; then it came round the back and under the right arm, across the chest and over the left arm, where it would often be held. Otherwise it would be thrown over the left shoulder. In bad weather, or for secrecy, or to hide the face before a sacred or forbidden thing, it would be brought over the head or across the face. Women, when they ventured out of the house, usually wore it over the head, sometimes swathing the shoulders and arms completely in it. Men frequently wore this garment and nothing else ; they were draped in it from neck to ankle.

Young men wore the *chlaina*, an oblong about 1 yard by 2 yards, which was fastened by a brooch over the right shoulder, and usually covered the left shoulder and left arm. The left arm could be free, and some statuary shows the *chlaina* worn fastened over the left shoulder and coming under the right arm. This was not infrequently the sole garment, but was generally worn over the short *chiton*. The *chlamys*, the horseman's cloak, was similar, but was often cut with the long sides as arcs of two concentric circles and the short sides radial.

A form of cloak, worn with the long *chiton* by men of rank, was simply an oblong about 1 yard by 3



Furtwängler-Reichhold, Griechische Vasenmalerei.

The Chorus in either play should be like these dancers.
Note the heads, the two forms of peplos and the mantles.

yards, worn over the shoulders and falling over the arms.

Hats or caps were used only for journeys or by those whose occupation kept them in the open air—*e.g.*, shepherds. The hat was a broad-brimmed felt, with a low crown. Sailors wore the Phrygian bonnet. Leather caps were also used.

Workmen and slaves went generally barefoot; so did many men, for it was looked upon as a sign of hardiness, just as wearing only one garment even in winter. For journeys sandals of many sorts were worn, sometimes with a sort of puttee. The sandal might be quite plain or of an ornamental and intricate nature. Boots of soft leather were also worn, reaching half-way up to the calf, but only by wealthy and effeminate men.

Men of any standing always carried a staff about 6 ft. long, which had sometimes a crook or an ornament at the end, and might be shod with metal.

In Homeric times all garments might be highly decorated, but in the fifth century B.C. ornament tended to be little and of a severe type. In the earlier days coloured clothes were usual; in the time of Euripides women and slaves wore colours, workmen some brown or drab vestments, and the aristocracy chiefly white.

The chiton, tunic, or shirt was the dress common to the whole of Europe till the advent of the Scythians. Although these people had not appeared in Tauris at the time of the Trojan war, the Tauric barbarians might be garbed as Scythians to distinguish them from the Achaïans. They wore loose trousers fastened above the ankle, a blouse with a belt, and a pointed hood. They were notorious for their cruel savagery and famed for their metal work.

When children were dressed they wore clothes much as their elders; a boy would be swathed in a smaller form of the long cloak, a girl would wear a peplos.

V. *Arms and Armour.*

In 1100 B.C. iron was known, but little used. The Achaians fought with bronze weapons. Six-foot spears and a thrusting sword $2\frac{1}{2}$ –4 ft. long were the arms of the heroes. They also heaved huge stones at one another. The rank and file used javelins and bows and arrows. The princes drove in chariots and engaged in hand-to-hand combats; their followers fought on foot. Some of the heroes were noted archers—*e.g.*, Teucer, Paris, Odysseus. The bows were of wood and of horn.

The princes carried shields of two forms. One was a great buckler of bulls' hides 5–6 ft. high and 3 ft. wide, somewhat flexible so that it could be bent to defend the sides, indented in the middle to form a rough figure of eight and allow a spear or sword to be thrust forward. This was the shield against flights of arrow and volleys of stones. A strap round the neck was the usual means of carrying it. The other shield was smaller and rigid, usually circular or oval, and made of plates of bronze riveted on several thicknesses of hide. It was big enough to cover the trunk of the warrior. This was the shield in sword or spear play.

Helmets were of leather, shaped very like a modern motor-cyclist's helmet, often covered with scales of horn or of bronze, or wholly of bronze. These last might be topped with towering crests of horse-hair, which fell on the hero's back and mingled with the wearer's flowing locks. Occasionally a prince might wear two or three such crests (*e.g.*, helmet of Memnon, helmet of

Pallas Athene). The bronze helmets covered the back of the neck, the cheeks, and nose, nearly hiding the face; the cheek pieces were often hinged and thrown open when out of battle. The nose piece is a source of irritation to the amateur actor; it tends to make him squint.

Body armour was various. Leather jackets were common, but the usual form consisted of back and breast plates of bronze, or of leather covered with scales of bronze or tin, fastened over the shoulders by detachable plates of metal or leather and under the arms by laces of leather. Beneath this was worn a belt (or two), plated with metal, from which hung a short kilt of metal plates reaching to the thigh. The shins were protected by gaiters of leather or greaves of metal.

Wealthy princes possessed shields, armour, and weapons, inlaid and ornamented most intricately. The shield usually bore a device connected with the owner, just as did the ships (see Chorus, "*Iphigenia in Aulis*") on their prows.

The heroes wore full beard and moustaches, with their hair falling to the shoulders. The beard was often cut to a point, and projected almost in the line of the jaw; and the upper lip was shaved. The shaven face of later days was not known.

As time passed men wore their hair in a long tress, wound round about the head. This was replaced by a fillet and the hair cut short. At the same time young men shaved clean.

Women took pleasure in a great variety of coiffures. The most simple were the most effective. The head was customarily covered more or less completely with a kerchief.



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The Exomis, fastened over the left shoulder with a brooch.
Note the cap, the long hair, and full beard.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION (consonants as ordinary English).—

á as in <i>amenté</i>	ē as in <i>meet</i>	ō as in <i>home</i>
a as in <i>rag</i>	i as in <i>bit</i>	u as in <i>hut</i>
ā as in <i>late</i>	ī as in <i>bite</i>	ū as in <i>use</i>
e as in <i>edge</i>	o as in <i>hot</i>	

Generally the accepted English form of a name has been used—*e.g.*, *Aeacus*. The words "Greece" and "Greek" have been avoided, as the Homeric people had little in common with the Romans, and these are Latin names. For the same reason *Achaia* has been used in preference to *Achaea*, *Euboia* for *Euboea*, etc., in the hope that the less familiar form will help readers to disassociate the plays from any preconceived ideas derived from Latin.

ACHAIA, á-kí'á	DIOMED, dí'o-med
ACHILLES, á-kil'ēz	DIONYSUS, dí-o-ní'sus
AEGEAN, ē-jē'án	DIOSCURI, dí-os-kū'ri
AGAMEMNON, ag-á-mem'non	
AEACUS, ē'á-kus	EPEANS, e-pē'áns
APHRODITE, afro-dí'te	EROS, ēr'os
ARETHUSA, ar-ē-thū'sá	EUBOEA, } ū-be'á
ARTEMIS, ar'tē-mis	EUBOIA, }
ATREUS, ā'trūs	EUMELUS, ū'me-lus
ATRIDES, ā-trí'dēz	EURIPUS, ū'ri-pus
AULIS, aw'lis	EUROTAS, ū-ro'tas
	EUXINE, ūk'sin
BOEOTIA, bē-ō'shi-á	
BRAURON, brawron	GANYMEDE, gan'i-mēd
CALCHAS, kal'kas	
CHALCIS, kal'kis	HALAE, ha'lē
CHIRON, kír'on	HEPHAISTOS, he-fis'tos
CLYTEMNESTRA, kli-tem- nes'trá	HERMIONE, her-mí'ōnē
CYCLOPS, sí'klops	IPHIGENIA, ífi-j-ení'a
CYPRIS, síp'ris	ITHACA, i-thá-ká

118 PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

LEDA, lē'da
LEITUS, lī'tus
LOCNIS, lō'kris

MEGES, mē'jēz
MENELAUS, men-e-lā'us
MYCENAE, mī-sē'nē

NAUPLIA, naw-pli-ā
NEREUS, nēr'ūs
NIREUS, nīr'ūs

ODYSSEUS, ō-dis'ūs
OILEUS, ō-il'ūs
OLYMPUS, ō-lim'pus
ORESTES, o-res'tēz
ORPHEUS, or'fūs

PALAMEDES, pal-ā-mēd'ēz
PELEUS, pē'lūs
PELIDES, pē'lid'ēz
PELION, pē'li-on
PELOPS, pē'lops
PHOCIS, fō'kis
PHOEBE, fē'bē
PHOEBUS, fē'bus

PHENIA, fthī'a
POSEIDON, po-sī'don
PRIAM, pri'am
PROTESILAUS, prō-tes-i-lā'us
PYLADES, pil'ā-dēz
PYLOS, pi'los

SALAMIS, sal'a-mis
SIMOIS, sim'ō-is
SISYPHUS, sis'i-fus
SYMPLEGADES, sim-pleg'a-dēz

TALTHYBIUS, tal-thib'i-us
TAPHOS, tā'fos
TAURIS, taw'ris
TELAMON, tel'ā-mon
THOAS, thō-as
THESSALY, thes'a-li
THETIS, thē'tis
THONION, thō'ni-on
THYESTES, thī-es'tēz
TROAS, trō-as
TYNDARUS, tin'dar-us

ZEUS, zūs

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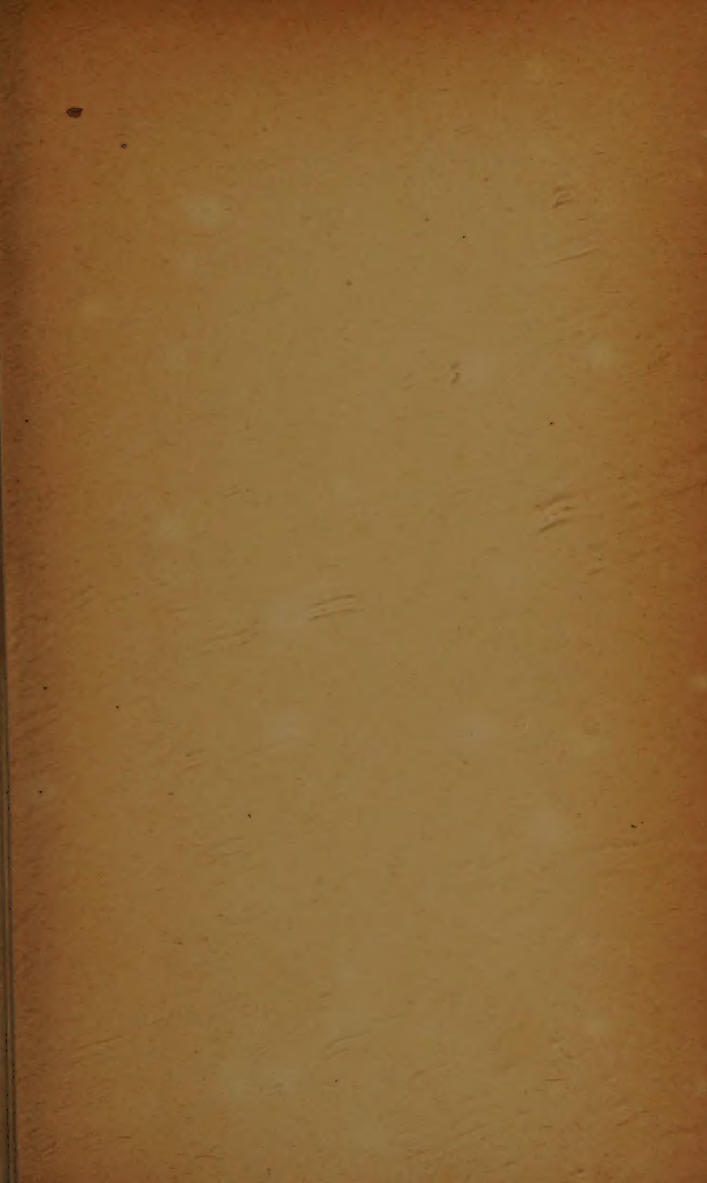
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